Reader's digest

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JANUARY 2016

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Oh, you HEART THROB



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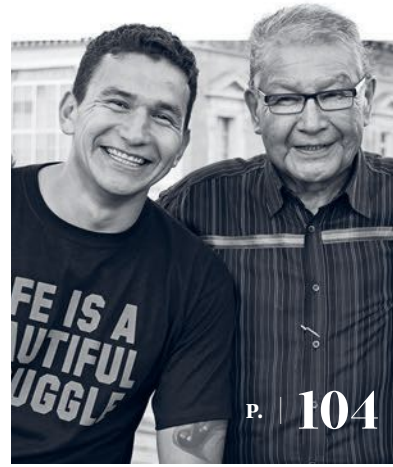
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOCELYN MICHEL/LECONSULAT.COM; (ASSISTANT) RENAUD LAFRENIÈRE; (STYLIST) MARIE-CLAUDE GUAY; (HAIR AND MAKEUP) MARIE-CLAUDE LANGEVIN; (TALENT) CAROLINE GERVAIS/AGENCE HÉLÈNE ROBITAILLE

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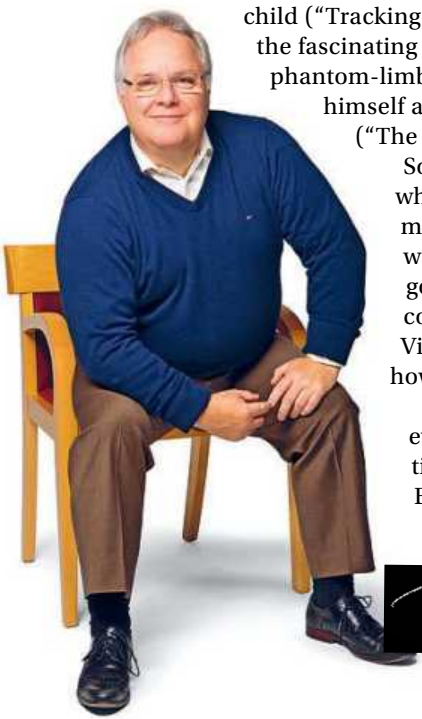
JORI BOLTON

Editor's Letter

Survey Says

WHAT YOU THINK IS IMPORTANT TO US, so we regularly conduct surveys of our subscribers to find out what you like and don't like about the articles in *Reader's Digest*. The latest results are in, and the news is good: readers are overwhelmingly satisfied with the stories we provide, especially our Drama in Real Life and health features.

With that in mind, we hope you'll particularly enjoy the two gripping dramas in this issue: one about a young skier who gets lost in a blizzard ("Stranded in the Alps," page 64), and another about a man seeking to understand why a cougar attacked him when he was a child ("Tracking the Tracker," page 78). And don't miss the fascinating story of an amputee suffering from phantom-limb pain who has found a way to help himself and others like him all over the world ("The Man and the Mirror," page 56).



Some more good news: when we asked what would motivate you to send in even more jokes and funny anecdotes to share with your fellow readers, you said cash. So going forward, we are paying $50 for each contribution published in the magazine. Visit rd.ca/joke to find out more about how to submit.

Our editorial team joins me in thanking every one of you for your loyalty and the time you spend with *Reader's Digest*. Enjoy this issue.

R

Robert Guyett

Send an email to
robert@rd.ca

ROGER AZIZ

Reader's digest

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121 Bloor Street East,
Suite 430,
Toronto, ON M4W 3M5
416-925-8941

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President and Chief Executive Officer Bonnie Kintzer

Editor-in-Chief, International Magazines Raimo Moysa

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CUSTOMER SERVICE **customer.service@readersdigest.ca** | **1-888-459-3333**
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EDITORIAL OFFICE 1100 René Lévesque Blvd. W. | Montreal, QC H3B 5H5 | 514-940-0751 | editor@rd.ca, rd.ca

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Contributors



REMIE GEOFFROI
(Illustrator, "Winter Checklist," page 36)

Home base: Ottawa. **Previously published in** *Billboard* and *ESPN*. **As long as the sun is shining,** I'm fine with winter. I enjoy outdoor cold-weather activities much more now that I have young kids. **I look for inspiration** on Pinterest and Instagram. They're both fantastic resources with a constant supply of new artistic ideas.



PAUL PAQUET
(Writer, "Trivia Quiz," page 123)

Home base: Ottawa. **Previously published in** *Creators Syndicate* and the *Chicago Tribune*. **I'm fairly good** at trivia. But then again, writing the questions is what I do for a living. I've been kicked out of events in the past because I'm literally a professional. **The subjects I know the most about** are history, geography and, I'm a bit ashamed to admit, superheroes.



SYDNEY LONEY
(Writer, "Case History," page 32)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** the *National Post* and *Chatelaine*. **Writing about medical mysteries** is fascinating. I'm a bit of a health nerd, so chatting with doctors about the stuff they deal with on a daily basis is cool. **When it comes to my own strange medical symptoms,** I often take a "wait and see if they go away" approach. Luckily, they usually do.



JORI BOLTON
(Illustrator, "Beat the Cheats," page 23)

Home base: Victoria. **Previously published in** *Scientific American* and *The Washington Post*. **Most of the scams I'm subjected to** are just run-of-the-mill email cons from supposed FBI representatives, wealthy widows and enterprising businessmen. **Luckily, I've never** been duped, unless someone's playing the long con and I just haven't noticed yet....



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Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



A BALANCED TAKE

I appreciated the article "Our Future With GMOs" (November 2015). As an agronomist, I deal with genetically modified crops as part of my fieldwork. I often end up in discussions with people who don't understand what GMOs really are. Unfortunately, the majority of those who are against the foods are basing their decisions on emotions. They don't want to hear the facts because they've already made up their minds. I am thankful that you explained, simply, some of the issues in the debate and stressed the importance of paying attention to existing research.

GERALD L. ANDERSON, ***Coaldale, Alta.***

ZERO TOLERANCE

This letter is in response to your article "Race Under Fire" (September 2015). I am saddened to read that the police are still picking on some Canadians based on the colour of their skin. If people of certain ethnicities are always seen as potential

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS LAURENDEAU/SHOOTSTUDIO.CA; (ASSISTANT) JÉRÔME GUIBORD; (FOOD STYLIST) DANIEL RAICHE

suspects, with no good reason, we have no hope of ending prejudice.

AGNES LOBBEZOO, ***Uxbridge, Ont.***

HAPPY TRAILS

In 2003, my wife, Lyla, and I were teaching in Qikiqtarjuaq, Nunavut, when an article in *Reader's Digest* piqued my interest. It was about an 800-kilometre trek across northern Spain. For hundreds of years, monks and other pilgrims journeyed to the city of Santiago. During the 20th century, the trail, or Camino, became a popular hiking destination.

The article so inspired us that, since 2007, we have completed more than 1,500 kilometres on various Camino trails. I've even written a book about the experience! You never know which direction your life may take as the result of reading an interesting article in *Reader's Digest*.

PHIL RIGGS, ***Glovertown, N.L.***

ROYAL RECOLLECTIONS

I just read the article "Mighty Monarch" in your September 2015 issue. The piece brought to mind a moving experience I had in Toronto in 1973, when I was 25. I was part of several groups from the Ontario Folk Dancing Association who got together to perform for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. After the show was finished, we formed a semicircle on the stage. The monarchs came and spoke to us for a few minutes. The Queen I sang to every morning at school was right in front of me! I wept. I have never been so proud.

PATRICIA RINES, ***Dunsford, Ont.***

THE WHOLE PACKAGE

I love your magazine. Each time I'm finished with an issue, I pass it on to friends to enjoy. I've learned a lot about medicine and health, and the size is great—it's easy to carry in my purse in case I find myself in a situation where I have time to read.

DOREEN, ***Innisfil, Ont.*** R

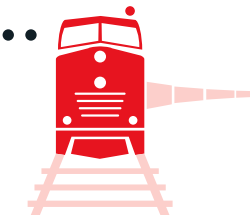
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Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll send you a free one-year subscription. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

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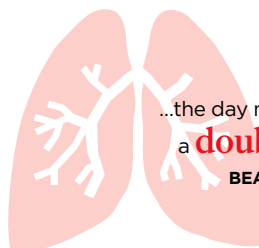
The one day I'd like to relive is...



...any of the times
I slept at my grandparents'.
Nana would always be waiting downstairs to watch *Coronation Street* over breakfast.
TIFFANY ALEXIS, HAMILTON

...any of the moments spent
riding the train home
to New Brunswick from Vancouver in 1962. It's my dream to make the trip again one day.
JULIE ROY, ROGERSVILLE, N.B.

...my last visit
with my grandmother. There are so many questions I never asked about her life as a young woman.
CAROL SMITH, AYLMER, ONT.



...the day my husband received the gift of a **double lung transplant.**
BEANIE JESSOME, EDMONTON

...one from childhood spent
fishing
with my father, brothers and stepsister in Bruce County, Ont.
KATHERINE WESTENBERG-HYNES, SHAWVILLE, QUE.



...the day my parents and I arrived in
Jamaica
for a vacation in 1980. I saw their joy as they witnessed the turquoise sea, palm trees and flowers.
VICTORIA GRAVES-BROOKS, TRENTON, ONT.

Visit the **Reader's Digest Canada** *Facebook page for your chance to finish the next sentence.*

COMING IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE...

WHICH BRANDS DO YOU TRUST?



FIND OUT WHICH BRANDS HAVE EARNED THE COUNTRY'S TRUST IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF READER'S DIGEST— ON NEWSSTANDS JANUARY 11, 2016

Reader's Digest measures Trusted Brands in over 25 countries across the globe and 2016 marks the 8th year of this prestigious program in Canada. Reader's Digest Canada commissioned Ipsos Reid to conduct this study into who Canadians view as Canada's Most Trusted Brands in 40 categories of products and services. Approximately 4,000 surveys were completed among a representative sample of the Canadian population.

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Jennifer Gwilliam sends care packages to northern families

The Food Network

BY MEGAN JONES

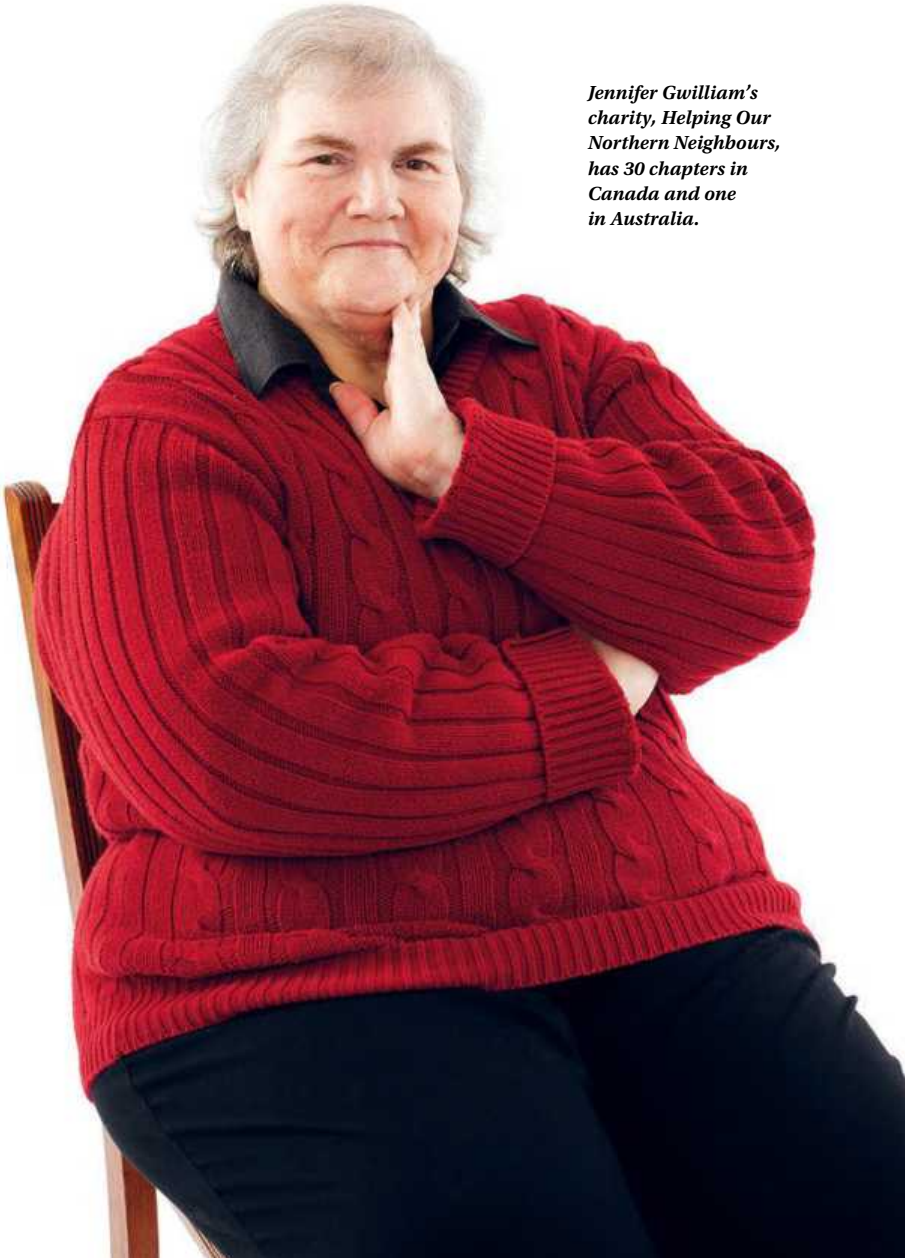
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LILLIE LOUISE MAJOR

ELEVEN DOLLARS and change for canned tomatoes. A penny short of $19 for a box of Minute Rice. Over $100 for a case of bottled water. When Jennifer Gwilliam stumbled upon a Facebook group called Feeding My Family in early 2014, she was horrified. The page, on which residents of remote northern communities post pictures from their local grocery stores, details the shocking prices some Canadians pay to put food on their tables.

"The posts were constant," Gwilliam says. "People were desperate for food."

The 60-year-old Vancouver Island resident had spent decades volunteering for humanitarian outreach groups, giving time to organizations that helped AIDS orphans in Africa establish micro-businesses, for example. But she hadn't realized just how many families were struggling to stay fed within her own country.

A report released by the Nunavut Food Security Coalition in May 2014 found that nearly 70 per cent of the territory's Inuit households experience moderate to severe food insecurity—more than eight times the national average. They're unable to regularly access and afford nutritious meals because northern climates don't lend themselves well to growing fresh produce, the price of ➳



Jennifer Gwilliam's charity, Helping Our Northern Neighbours, has 30 chapters in Canada and one in Australia.

groceries is prohibitive and shipping costs to the North run exorbitantly high. In Nunavut, households spent an average of $19,760 on food from 2007 to 2008—the Canadian average is less than $8,000—and yet nearly half of Inuit adults had earned less than $20,000 during that period.

Five years ago, the federal government launched Nutrition North Canada, an annual $60-million subsidy meant to offset residents' food costs. But a November 2014 report from the Auditor General revealed flaws—for one, the government hadn't tracked whether the subsidies had actually translated into savings for consumers.

Gwilliam had started her own group, Helping Our Northern Neighbours (HONN), a few months prior to the release of the report. On the organization's Facebook page, individuals and teams sign up to donate food, clothes and basic living supplies to remote communities in the territories and the upper reaches of British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario. HONN has about 1,200 households awaiting donations, and of those, roughly two-thirds have previously received at least one box.

Some donors choose to send a single box, while others sponsor families or food banks, committing to give an average of four packages a year. Households seeking sponsorship can get a referral from community workers in their areas, then flag which items they need most. While many ask for food, HONN has also shipped material for parkas and birthday boxes for kids.

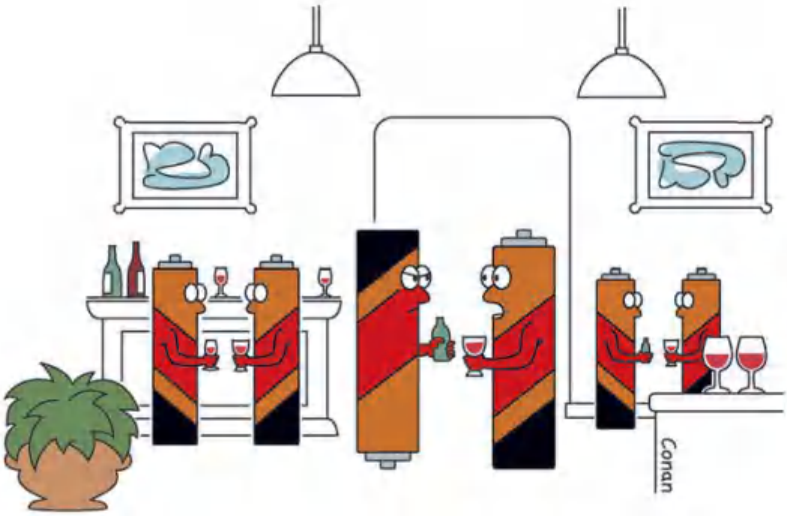
For Repulse Bay, Nunavut, resident Candy Ivalutanar, receiving a food box can mean her kids don't go to school hungry. The 33-year-old bus driver supports her husband and their two young daughters on a single income. Prior to receiving donations, her grocery bills sometimes reached nearly $1,000 a week—close to double her weekly salary.

Since joining HONN in 2014, Ivalutanar has formed a friendship with her sponsor, 68-year-old Barbara Senft of Prince George, B.C., with whom she chats over Facebook every week. "She's family to me," Ivalutanar says. "I would like to meet her one day, to thank her in person."

Gwilliam hopes these kinds of conversations will foster understanding between disparate communities. To that end, the organization is working with local groups to set up programs that residents feel will work best for them, whether it be food banks, soup kitchens or co-ops.

HONN's founder realizes her initiative is a Band-Aid solution and stresses the need for more effective government intervention. But in the meantime, she is focused on the positive: "This is a good learning experience for everybody," she says. "It's a way to bring our country together." R

Life's Like That



"Why are you always so negative?"

CONAN DE VRIES

NIHILISTIC PASSWORD SECURITY QUESTIONS

■ At what age did your childhood pet run away?

■ What was the name of your favourite unpaid internship?

■ In what city did you first experience ennui?

■ On what street did you lose your childlike sense of wonder?

■ When did you stop trying?

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FIESTA FAMINE

Thank you, hard taco shells, for surviving the long journey from factory to supermarket to my plate, then breaking the moment I put something inside you. Thank you.

JIMMY FALLON, ***comedian***

DROP SOME KNOWLEDGE

A book just fell on my head. I've only got my shelf to blame. reddit.com

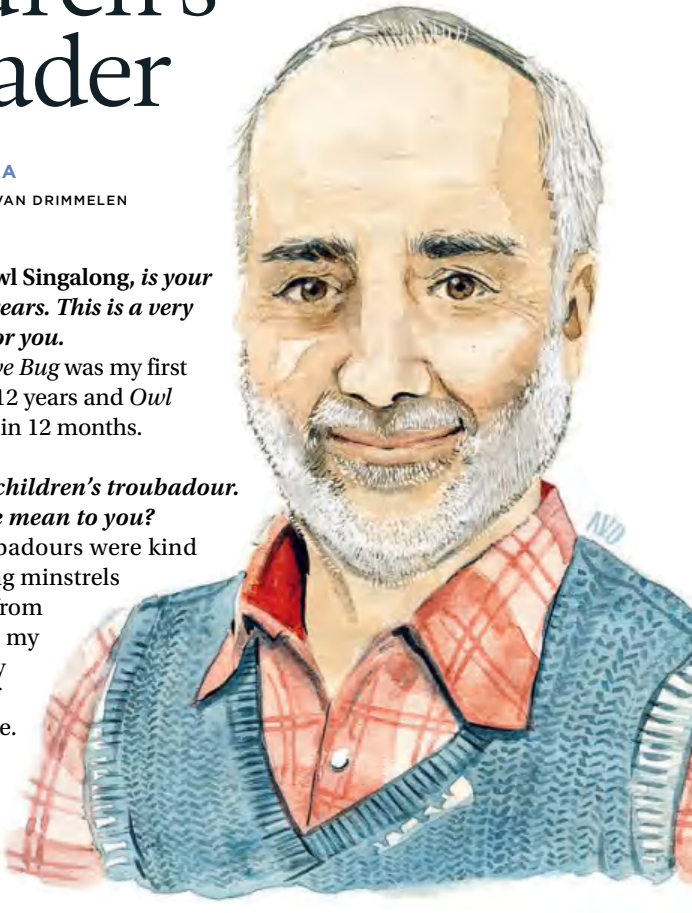
Send us your original jokes! They could be worth $50. See page 9 or visit rd.ca/joke for more details.

Beloved entertainer Raffi on digital distractions, partisan politics and why kids need a cabinet minister

Children's Crusader

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN



Your new album,* Owl Singalong, *is your second in as many years. This is a very productive period for you.
I joke that 2014's *Love Bug* was my first children's album in 12 years and *Owl Singalong* is my first in 12 months.

You call yourself a children's troubadour. What does that title mean to you?
In days of old, troubadours were kind of like the wandering minstrels who brought news from town to town. I take my young audience very seriously in terms of their needs as people. Children are often included in the political rhetoric, but the promises aren't delivered.

How do we change that?
In 2007, the David Suzuki Foundation asked people to finish this sentence: "If I were prime minister…." I said my cabinet would include a minister of children with a powerful voice. When we invest in kids' well-being in their early years, it pays dividends throughout a lifetime.

LightWeb DarkWeb*, your book published in 2013, explored the dangers of the Internet for kids. Any advice on how to help young people navigate the digital age?*
Parents shouldn't jump to get their kids the latest device just because it's on the market. Children need to play in the real world.

Easier said than done when your kid is having a temper tantrum because you took away the iPad.
That speaks to the seductive power of these things and why screen limits are important. Otherwise, you've got kids playing Minecraft and identifying more with a pseudo-world than the real world. That's crazy.



You're 67 now, so you grew up in a different age. Was music part of your upbringing?
I grew up in a house filled with music—my father would sing Armenian folk songs and play the accordion. When I moved from Egypt to Toronto in my teens, I was in the church choir. I got my first guitar when I was 16.

Your song "I Want My Canada Back" was popular all over social media. You didn't tie it to any political party. Was that intentional?
Correct. I'm non-partisan, or perhaps I should say, I'm pan-partisan. I like what Elizabeth May says, which is that Parliament needs to work in a co-operative spirit.

The morning after the Liberal victory, you tweeted about Canada electing its "first beluga grad PM." How did you realize Trudeau grew up on your music?
I met him three or four years ago, and he told me he knows every single word on *Singable Songs for the Very Young*, my first album, from 1976. When I tweeted, "The whole [beluga] pod is watching," I was saying, "Hey, keep your promises." I'm hopeful the era we're embarking upon will be a good one for this country.

What is it about your songs—"Baby Beluga," "The More We Get Together," "Down by the Bay"—that continues to resonate?
I really don't know. I used to think it was the argyle socks I wore, but I haven't sported those in decades. R

Owl Singalong is out Jan. 15.

One man's quest to keep the magic alive

The Marriage Experiment

BY TIM DOWLING
FROM *HOW TO BE A HUSBAND*



STEVE WACKSMAN

MY WIFE AND I do not say "I love you" to each other every day, or even once a month. I believe it's possible to replicate the gist of a commonplace exchange like "I love you" and "I love you, too" using slightly different language. In our house, for example, we prefer "You'll be sorry when I'm dead" and "I know."

Unfortunately, nothing I have read about maintaining a happy, healthy relationship supports my position. All the tips I've absorbed have stressed the importance of saying the words out loud.

But I want love to be easy, and so I am susceptible to any method that sounds like a shortcut. This was what first attracted me to an article suggesting that four hugs a day is the secret to a happy marriage.

"Four hugs a day," I say as my wife tries to squirm her way out of Hug 1. "It's the way forward."

My approach for Hug 2, just before lunch, is from the front—moving in slowly, arms low, approximately the technique you would use to take a picnic basket away from a bear.

"Thank you," says my wife, petrifying in response to my touch. She doesn't seem to be reacting positively to the technique, but that's okay.

One of my favourite aspects of the quick-fix prescription is the total lack of nuance, subtlety or follow-up. I find I'm even beginning to enjoy her irritation a little.

"Already?" she says when I move in for Hug 3 at about sunset.

When it comes time for Hug 4, she is nowhere to be found.

A week or so later, I read about something called whisper therapy. It involves a lot of eye contact and the regular whispering of positive sentiments to each other. It sounds irksome, and for that reason, I can't wait to try it.

Things get off to a bad start. When I steal up behind my wife and murmur, "You are special," she hits me over the head with her hairbrush.

Over the next few days, she grows eerily patient with my habit of leaning in at odd moments to whisper things like "Nice shoes" and "You're magic." I think she is in denial about the therapy's awesome power to annoy.

When it's apparent that this is going nowhere, my wife and I enter a phase where we periodically jab each other in the neck with two fingers, accompanying each strike with a sharp hiss. We learned the technique from watching *Dog Whisperer*, and it began as an efficient way to clear people from your personal space or get their attention.

But over time, it became a mildly painful form of affection, and then, thankfully, it got old.

At the peak of the hype surrounding the 5:2 Diet—the one where you fast for two days a week and do what you like the other five—we try the same on-again, off-again formula. My wife is intrigued by the prospect of being married to me only two days out of seven, until I explain that's not how it works—for two days a week, we are going to be extra-married. On those days, in between texts that read "Pick up booze" and "What printer cartridge do I need?" I would slip in a few romantic notes.

More recently, I came across a range of intimacy exercises so very powerful, they are said to be able to make strangers fall in love.

Once again, I zero in on the easiest of the lot: several minutes spent facing your partner, holding your palms as close together as possible without touching each other. The power of this exercise is undeniable—my wife can stand it for only a few seconds. Such is its power to annoy that for two weeks, I insist on having a go every time we cross paths.

If marriage teaches you anything, it's that there is value in the occasional lame gesture and half-baked experiment. It shows you're trying. R

HOW TO BE A HUSBAND BY TIM DOWLING, COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY TIM DOWLING, IS PUBLISHED BY BLUE RIDER PRESS, A MEMBER OF PENGUIN GROUP (USA) LLC, PENGUIN.COM

Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

My favourite works of fiction are not laborious to get through, but that doesn't mean they don't have depth. Similarly, some of my favourite books have despicable protagonists, but I find them fascinating. People read for different reasons.

***Author* PATRICK DEWITT,** in *Maclean's*

TV is a great tool for normalization. Everybody watches TV, even people whose world views are narrower than mine. And if those people see a nice, relatively normal lesbian character or couple on TV, they might find their walls coming down ever so slightly.

Rookie Blue *writer* NOELLE CARBONE

The best learning experiences are emotionally compelling. And I feel like virtual reality, [whether] it's for entertainment or for education, has a sledgehammer of emotional impact. It puts you inside the subject matter.

JOSH MALDONADO, *founder of the virtual reality company Discovr,* in *Vice*

It's not the borders between countries, it's not the price of a barrel of oil, it's not trade tariffs, it's not illegal immigration. Earth is a tiny, fragile oasis of life, and what's most important is human survival. You see that so clearly from orbit.

***Astronaut* ROBERT THIRSK,** in *Maclean's*

You can grasp it with your heart and your brain, but you can't integrate those understandings until you've lived it with your body.

***Actor* PATRICK HUARD** on witnessing the realities of living in poverty while in Haiti



PHOTO: (HUARD) PATRICKHUARD.CA. QUOTES: (DEWITT) JUNE 9, 2015; (CARBONE) AFTERELLEN.COM (AUG. 26, 2015); (MALDONADO) JULY 8, 2015; (THIRSK) AUG. 20, 2015; (HUARD) *LA PRESSE* (JULY 5, 2015).



Suddenly you are in the street, even just looking at the street, the trees, the sky, the air, and suddenly your wife is there and there are no cops around you. Really, it was too quick for the mind to digest.

***Journalist* MOHAMED FAHMY** after being released from an Egyptian jail, in *The Globe and Mail*

Unfortunately, if any renewal is to take place within the public service, I sense it must come from a new generation of civil servants. My generation has failed miserably in that regard.

***Former parliamentary budget officer* KEVIN PAGE,** in his book, *Unaccountable: Truth and Lies on Parliament Hill*

You see, in 1949, Newfoundlanders were made to feel the most inferior people in North America. As if there were some great monster out there telling us we were 200 years behind the times. But now we're starting to get our identity back. And our dignity.



The late painter* GERALD SQUIRES, *whose work was inspired by the province's social and physical landscape

On my tombstone, I'd like to have: A good man who built a better hat.



ALEX TILLEY,
founder of Tilley, the company behind the iconic headwear, in *Report on Business*

Millions of people today live in terrible conditions because of their inability to stay in the country where they came from. I'd like people to imagine more deeply what it means to flee your country and take refuge—sometimes legally, sometimes illegally.

***Author* LAWRENCE HILL,**
in *Canadian Living*

I gave my wife a hug!

***Astrophysicist* ART McDONALD**
on the first thing he did after hearing he had won a Nobel Prize

PHOTOS: (FAHMY) © 2015 FAHMY FOUNDATION FOR A FREE PRESS; (TILLEY) © 2015 TILLEY ENDURABLES; (SQUIRES) TELEGRAM FILE PHOTO

QUOTES: (FAHMY) SEPT. 24, 2015; (PAGE) *OTTAWA CITIZEN* (SEPT. 29, 2015); (SQUIRES) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (OCT. 20, 2015); (McDONALD) CBC NEWS (OCT. 6, 2015); (TILLEY) AUG. 28, 2015; (HILL) OCT. 2015

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How to recognize a scam in action—and protect yourself if you've fallen prey

Beat the Cheats

BY LUC RINALDI

ILLUSTRATION BY JORI BOLTON

THROUGHOUT HUMAN history, people have attempted to dupe others. But the forgers and snake oil salesmen of yesteryear would be gobsmacked by the sophistication of 21st-century scams. The Internet has changed the face of fraud.

Canadians lost more than $70 million to con artists in 2014. (That figure accounts only for reported



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cases, which may represent fewer than five per cent of all incidents.) And increasingly, those dollars are disappearing online. According to a list of the most common frauds put together in 2015 by the Better Business Bureau, nine of the top 10 offenders were Internet-related. "These scams are easy to set up," says bureau rep Evan Kelly. "They cost no money and take no time."

> ***One red flag: callers who offer elaborate excuses involving time constraints or other unusual circumstances.***

Like phony paintings and quack cure-alls, modern cons are most effective when they appear to be official. But there are ways for you to see through even the slickest scams. "We have our work cut out for us," Kelly explains. "We can't take it at face value that these things are legitimate just because they look spiffy on our computer screens."

Don't suspend your disbelief

The most plausible schemes bank on the credibility of a brand that people know and trust, like the Yellow Pages or the RCMP. Throughout 2015, authorities received complaints

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about the "Canadian Revenue Agency scam," in which a cold caller posing as a CRA representative demands a hefty "tax" payment. If the victim doesn't deliver, they're threatened with arrest, outrageous fines or prison.

> ***"Even in cases where money is lost, the effort of reporting may save someone in the initial stages of the scam."***

In another common con, a caller from "Microsoft" gains remote access to the target's computer and claims it has been infected with a virus. The owner is coerced into handing over credit card information to pay for a repair. Meanwhile, the caller fishes for personal information, such as a social insurance number.

Bogus calls like these are based on numerous suspicious situations: a long-lost relative who needs money, a prize you have to pay to claim. And in some cases, a victim inadvertently enables a con: many websites promise high-end brands at too-good-to-be-true prices. But two weeks after the consumer buys what they believe to be a brand-name jacket, they receive an obvious knock-off—or worse, nothing at all.

What to watch out for

Many people assume that seniors—who may be lonely, less technologically literate and dealing with waning mental acuity—are easy targets. A 2012 report by Stanford University's Fraud Research Center in California determined that existing research on the topic doesn't prove that to be universally true, but scammers still hold it as gospel, says Rebecca Judges, a PhD student at the University of Toronto studying the deception of elders. "There's this idea that older people can be confused easily," she explains, adding that fraudsters speak quickly and aim to confuse their victims. "If someone is trying to rush you, that's a cue to back off."

Con artists frequently request money in the form of wire transfers, according to Daniel Williams, a senior fraud specialist at the Canadian Anti-Fraud Centre, though he notes perpetrators will also ask for and accept other forms of payment. Elaborate excuses involving time constraints or otherwise unusual circumstances are warning signs in themselves.

If you have any doubts, a simple Google search can often clear things up quickly; you may want to try looking up the caller's phone number or the name of the organization they claim to be representing alongside the word "scam." While bad guys can exploit the Internet, it's also full of

information about countless ruses, Williams says. “Five people can’t be taken on one scam anywhere on this planet without at least two of them blogging about it.”

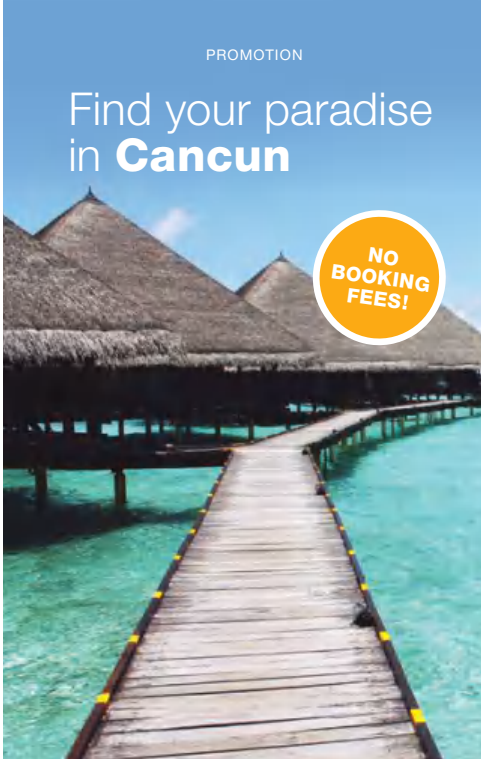
Next steps if you get duped

“Usually, once you have parted with money, it’s gone for good,” Williams says. But that doesn’t mean victims are powerless. He recommends reporting the crime to police—particularly if you’ve given away personal information, which can lead to identity theft—to create a paper trail. You should also inform all the appropriate organizations, such as a bank, credit card company or wire-transfer service. “Let everyone involved know as many details as you can give,” he says. “Even in cases where the money has been lost, the effort of reporting it may save someone else who’s just in the initial stages of the scam.”

The Stanford scam study found that victims don’t report for a number of reasons: they’re embarrassed, they’re not sure who to tell, they don’t realize they’ve been conned. Additionally, they may not see the value in informing authorities like the Canadian Anti-Fraud Centre, which uses complaints to target the operations behind the fraud. Without that information, “the suspects will never have to change things,” Williams says. “If it’s not reported, it never happened.” R

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How effective are hiccup cures?

Contraction Extraction

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT



FOR NEARLY 2,400 YEARS, humans have been swapping hiccup remedies. In his *Symposium*, the philosopher Plato even recorded one character advising another, "Hold your breath… then gargle with a little water; and if it still continues, tickle your nose with something and sneeze." All this time later, those ideas are as good as any, according to medical scientists.

Hiccups are involuntary contractions of the diaphragm, a muscle that sits under the ribs and helps with breathing. Unless the spasms last for more than 48 hours—a rare problem that poses a health risk to sufferers by interfering with eating and sleeping—you don't need to treat them. But if you research how to end hiccups, you'll come across all kinds of weird and wonderful home remedies, from pulling on your tongue to eating a dill pickle while lying on your back.

Very few of these methods have been through clinical trials, but some make more sense than others when we consider human anatomy. For instance, the vagus nerve, which runs from the brain stem to the abdomen, seems to play a role in causing hiccups when it gets irritated. If you distract this nerve with

SHUTTERSTOCK

another stimulus, you can theoretically interrupt the process. That's why tickling the roof of your mouth or asking someone to startle you might work.

You can also try increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in your bloodstream. You expel carbon dioxide when you exhale, which is why it may be effective to hold your breath or breathe into a paper bag, trapping the CO_2 so that you then inhale it. "This affects the respiratory centre located in the brain stem," says Dr. Mark Fox. "I presume this overrides the abnormal circuit that underlies the hiccups." In 2015, Fox published a review of pharmacological hiccup treatments with two of his colleagues while based at the hospital at the University of Zurich in Switzerland.

Hiccups can occur at a rate of

60

times a minute.

As for more theatrical techniques, such as imbibing wine through a napkin or swallowing water while biting on a stick, Fox points to the comic strip *Calvin and Hobbes*, which suggests that some remedies were invented purely for the amusement of the patient's friends. R

News From the World of Medicine



Midday naps reduce blood pressure

A Greek study of 386 middle-aged hypertensive patients found that those who grabbed some midday shut-eye had lower blood pressure than their counterparts who powered through the afternoon. After adjusting for other factors, including age and alcohol intake, the 24-hour ambulatory BP (a measure of your blood pressure as you're going about your day, as opposed to sitting in the doctor's office waiting to be seen) was five per cent lower in people who took a 60-minute nap. This reduction is big enough to decrease the risk of

ADAM VOORHES; (PROP STYLIST) ROBIN FINLAY

heart attacks and lower the amount of antihypertensive medication potentially needed.

Being informed ups cancer-treatment success rate

Cancer treatments are almost twice as likely to work on patients who are given written information about their condition, its therapeutic procedures and its potential impact on their working lives, according to a recent report from the University of London in England. The researchers speculated that knowing what to expect reduces stress and uncertainty, which are known to interfere with health. For working patients, it's also helpful to be warned ahead of time that cancer treatment causes fatigue and they may wish to adjust their workloads accordingly.

Today's seniors staying in better cognitive shape

On average, people over 50 are scoring better on cognitive tests than they were six years ago, continuing a trend of increasingly sharp seniors. Rising levels of education account for some of this effect, but researchers at the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis in Austria say there's also another reason: the intellectual demands that come with using computers and smartphones are giving aging minds an ongoing workout.

Sizes of portions and plates contribute to overeating

A systematic review of more than 70 previous studies has concluded that people consistently consume more food and drink when offered larger portions, packages or tableware. According to the review's authors, these findings could justify decreasing portion sizes in restaurants, cafeterias and shops in an effort to reduce our exposure to inflated servings and to fight the obesity epidemic.

TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Bromodosis is...

A. Food poisoning

B. A caffeine high

C. Stinky feet

D. A fasting regimen

Answer: C. Bromodosis is the medical term for stinky feet. Your feet start to smell when bacteria in your shoes or on your skin break down the sweat being produced by your feet. Since bacterial growth is optimal in damp environments, the most effective way to deal with bromodosis is to avoid wearing the same pair of shoes two days in a row, so that each pair has enough time to dry out.



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Case History

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY WALKER

THE PATIENT: Marvin, a 55-year-old chemical engineer
THE SYMPTOMS: Intense headache and a sore behind
THE DOCTOR: Dr. Brian Goldman, a Toronto ER physician, CBC host and author of *The Secret Language of Doctors*

ONE RECENT WINTER afternoon, a middle-aged man walked into the emergency room at a hospital in downtown Toronto, holding his head. Marvin had experienced headaches, but nothing like this. The pain came on gradually, then grew more intense over several hours until it throbbed across his forehead. He also felt fluish and kept rubbing his left buttock. "Aches and pains," he told Dr. Brian Goldman, who was on call that day. "Must be getting old." Marvin had no fever, and no one around him was sick.

"I'm an emergency physician, so I always think worst-case scenario," Goldman says. "This was not a headache guy, so that factor made his case unusual." Because of the intensity and atypical nature of the pain in this patient, the doctor immediately wondered whether he had a tumour or subarachnoid hemorrhage (a brain bleed often caused by an aneurysm). The other possibility was meningitis.

Goldman started with a physical exam. Marvin's heart rate was a little elevated. His ears, nose and throat showed no signs of flu or viral infection. "I checked his neck for stiffness, which is a sign of meningitis, but it was normal," Goldman says.

The only definitive test for meningitis is a lumbar puncture to look for white blood cells in the spinal fluid. But in a patient with intracranial pressure due to bleeding or a tumour, the procedure would direct that pressure downward, squeezing the brain toward the base of the skull. "He would lose consciousness, go into a coma and eventually stop breathing," Goldman says. The doctor ordered an emergency CT scan, which showed that all was well in Marvin's brain, making it safe to proceed with a lumbar puncture.

Goldman carefully inserted a long needle in the middle of Marvin's back, between the fourth and fifth vertebrae. The fluid went to the lab, which confirmed the absence of red blood cells, helping the doctor rule out a hemorrhage. However, there *were* white blood cells—a clear sign of infection. The test showed 95 white blood cells per cubic millimetre—not a lot, but enough to reveal that Marvin did have meningitis.

The illness, an inflammation of the membranes around the brain and spinal cord, comes in several forms, including bacterial and viral. "Bacterial meningitis is rapidly progressive and often kills young adults," says Goldman. The viral form has subtler symptoms and is also less likely to be fatal—but it's most common in kids under five. "I had no idea *why* he had viral meningitis," Goldman says. "Then I remembered his bottom." The doctor asked to take a look.

There, on Marvin's left buttock, was a red rash with groups of blisters. "The medical mind looks for the connection," Goldman says. "It doesn't assume there are two different illnesses." Suddenly the viral meningitis made sense. In addition to a horrible headache, Marvin had shingles.

> ***"The moral of the story, Goldman says, is to look for a connection. "You never know what you're going to find."***

The illness is caused by the varicella zoster virus, one in a group of enteroviruses that tend to circulate in summer and early fall. Others include mumps and West Nile—and all of them can cause meningitis. Goldman says it's not uncommon for varicella zoster to lead to shingles, but he'd never seen shingles and viral meningitis occurring simultaneously.

Marvin was admitted and put on acyclovir—the only intravenous antiviral drug that treats meningitis. Two days later, the headache was gone and he made a full recovery. The moral of the story, Goldman says, is to look for a connection. "You never know what you're going to find." R


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Seasonal maintenance to weatherproof your house

Winter Checklist

BY ROMANA KING FROM *MONEYSENSE*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMIE GEOFFROI

Shovel snow away from your home's foundation

WHY: The key to avoiding foundation deterioration and expensive repairs is to prevent water from pooling around the base of your house. If maintaining a snow-free moat isn't possible, consider focusing your efforts on areas more prone to water damage, such as basement windows and concrete steps.

HOW: Grab your shovel and start digging—but mind you don't overexert and be sure to hydrate.

TIME: 30 minutes to four hours after each snowfall.

MATERIALS: Shovel, $20–$50.

PROFESSIONAL HELP: $350/season and up.

Remove ice dams on low-pitched roofs and gutters

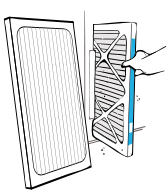
WHY: Come spring those dams will melt and can lead to damaged roof shingles and water seeping into your foundation.

HOW: Do preventive maintenance early in the season by installing

de-icing cables. If needed, use a shovel or scraper to clear accumulated snow and chip away at ice.
TIME: One to two hours to install cables; 30 minutes to two hours after each snowfall.
MATERIALS: Shovel, $20–$50; de-icing cables, $25–$200.
PROFESSIONAL HELP: $600 for cable installation; $300/season and up for snow and ice removal.

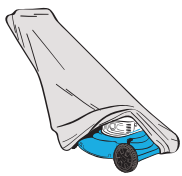
Remove snow and ice from external vents

WHY: Blocked vents can cause damage to your roof, but the real danger is to your heating and cooling systems. Extra pressure on these set-ups can lead to moisture problems—and possibly mould or rot in a home's wooden structure.
HOW: Use a shovel or brush to clear accumulated snow and chip away at ice.
TIME: 30 minutes to two hours.
MATERIALS: Shovel, $20–$50.
PROFESSIONAL HELP: $200/season and up.



Replace furnace filters

WHY: The business of air filters is to collect debris and allergens, so be sure to replace them every three months to keep your furnace running effectively (and your home toasty!).
HOW: If in doubt, consult your manual, and be sure to note whether you're working with a disposable or non-disposable filter (the latter can be washed with non-toxic soap and tap water).
TIME: Five minutes.
MATERIALS: $20–$160.
PROFESSIONAL HELP: N/A.



Winterize yard furniture and equipment

WHY: A good patio set can set you back $500 or more, and a decent gas lawn mower can cost $300, so extending their lifespans saves you money.
HOW: Wipe down the furniture and, if possible, stack and store it in either a shed or garage. If items must stay outside, cover them with tarps. Your garden equipment should also be stored away from the elements, but before you do that, make sure to drain any oil, which will get sludgy over the winter. Store the liquid in a leak-proof container and take it to your local hazardous-waste facility.
TIME: One to six hours.
MATERIALS: $10–$50.
PROFESSIONAL HELP: $75/piece of equipment and up. R

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Reader's digest Book Club

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BOOK OF THE MONTH

At the Water's Edge





416 pages. $19.95 (Trade Paperback)
Release date November 10, 2015

REVIEW BY MARK HAMILTON

The mysterious depths—and rumoured inhabitant—of Scotland's Loch Ness have lured and taunted monster hunters for generations. At its outset, Sara Gruen's *At the Water's Edge* prepares readers for a wartime hunt for the creature, yet gradually the focus turns to disgraced heiress Madeline Hyde and her inner search for truth and happiness.

After the parental money taps are reduced to a trickle, Madeline and her husband, Ellis, secretly depart Philadelphia for Glenurquhart in the Scottish Highlands, with grand dreams of restoring the family honour by capturing footage of the Loch Ness monster. Infamous high-society troublemaker and best friend Hank tags along with film camera in tow, leaving without a word to his long-suffering lady friend Violet.

Ellis and Hank's search for Nessie soon degenerates into drunken, wasted days on the shores of the loch. Madeline is often left to her own devices at The Fraser Arms, the tiny, rustic inn where she meets strong-willed Scots doing their best to make it through the Second World War unscathed. That Ellis and Hank are both considered unfit for service makes integration even more difficult. Glenurquhart is far from the

battlefront, but telegrams bearing the worst possible news make their way to the village, a locale already tinged with unspoken tragedy and sadness.

Gruen paints her cast of characters with charmingly simple strokes. Through brisk, concise descriptions we come to know the barmaids, Anna and Meg, like old friends. You can almost hear their warm Highland brogues as the women, strict yet loving, chastise the local drunken patrons. A play on classic *Downton Abbey*–style upstairs-downstairs drama, *At the Water's Edge* depicts the full-on collision of two worlds as these stubbornly proud Scots refuse to kowtow to their ungrateful American guests.

While Anna and Meg wear their hearts on their sleeves, the inn's mysterious proprietor, Angus, remains a closed book. Handsome yet impenetrable, and haunted by the ghosts of the loch, Angus and his dark secrets soon come to fascinate Madeline. Navigating differences in class and societal norms of the time, however, makes for difficult interactions.

All but abandoned by her husband, Madeline passes the hours secretly helping out in the hotel—unheard of for a socialite—and wandering the neighbouring forests and shoreline. Along the way, the lines between folklore and reality blur amid Scotland's ancient magic. Soon the murky waters of the loch reveal more about the citizens of Glenurquhart—and herself—than she could ever have imagined.

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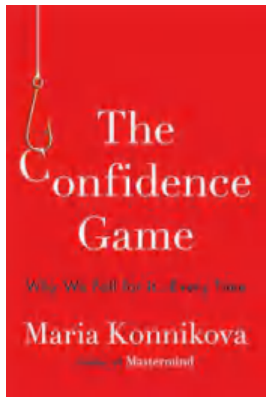
The stunning companion to her #1 bestseller *Life After Life*. "One of the best novels I've read this century."
—Gillian Flynn, author of *Gone Girl*

Penguin Random House Canada

The Confidence Game analyzes the moves of master manipulators

Tricks of the Trade

BY SARAH LISS

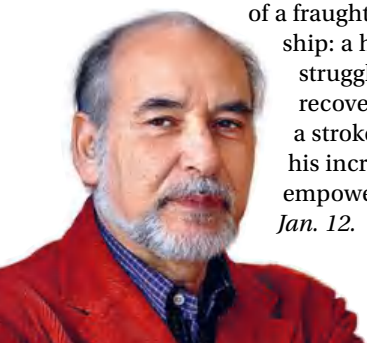


If you're hoping to fool unwitting victims, it helps to have an outsized sense of self-assurance. That's one of the many qualities shared by the gallery of rogues in *The Confidence Game*, a gripping examination of what motivates successful swindlers. Author Maria Konnikova, a journalist with a PhD in psychology, is fascinated by unusual minds—her previous book aimed to get readers thinking like Sherlock Holmes. Here, she neatly dissects the anatomy of an effective con. *Jan. 12.*

This month's hottest books, music, movies and TV

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE
Tahar Ben Jelloun

Framed as a bracing he-said-she-said, this book by one of Morocco's most lauded novelists tells the story of a fraught relationship: a husband struggling to recover from a stroke and his increasingly empowered wife. *Jan. 12.*



NEUROLOGIC
Eliezer Sternberg

A neurologist at Yale–New Haven Hospital, Sternberg explores whether our most erratic, idiosyncratic, irrational actions have a root in the chemistry and mechanics of our brains. *Jan. 12.*



(JELLOUN) MELVILLE HOUSE PUBLICATIONS

THE WILDINGS
Nilanjana Roy

Perched midway between fantasy and urban-nature reportage, this debut novel imagines the internecine workings of a complex thriving community of feral cats in Delhi, India. It's part *Watership Down* and part *Slumdog Millionaire*—and entirely mesmerizing. *Jan. 12.*



YES, I'M A WITCH TOO
Yoko Ono

Perpetually compelled to rework and reimagine, Ono has corralled a crew of young indie stars—including her son, Sean Lennon—for this collection of remixes and new versions of songs from throughout her career. *Jan. 22.*



45 YEARS

On the brink of the sapphire anniversary of his marriage to Kate (Charlotte Rampling), Geoff (Tom Courtenay) receives news about a former flame. The details throw him off balance, force Kate to recalibrate their relationship and yield this study in quiet devastation. *Jan. 22.*

THE LETTERS: THE EPIC LIFE STORY OF MOTHER TERESA

A revelatory depiction of a modern-day saint, this feature portrays the life of Mother Teresa (Juliet Stevenson) based on correspondence she exchanged with her spiritual adviser and friend, Father Celeste Van Exem. *Dec. 4.*

THE X-FILES

More than a decade after signing off, one of sci-fi's most dynamic duos returns to television. Gillian Anderson and David Duchovny reprise their roles as born skeptic Dana Scully and quixotic daredevil Fox Mulder, FBI agents determined to uncover the truth about paranormal phenomena. *Jan. 24.*



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READER'S DIGEST
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FROM HOME COOKS LIKE YOU
BEST LOVED RECIPES

PORK SAUSAGE PATTIES

Roasted Pepper, Bacon & Egg Muffins



Get the Maple Apple Baked Oatmeal recipe inside!

MORNING GLORY

Pancake Stack with Syrup

WARMING RECIPES TO GET CHILLY WINTER DAYS STARTED RIGHT

Pancake Stack with Syrup

My husband and I enjoy these pancakes with crisp bacon or sausages on the side. Sometimes we even have them for supper.
—JOAN BASKIN, BLACK CREEK, B.C.

PREP/TOTAL TIME: 20 MIN.
MAKES: 6 PANCAKES AND 1 CUP SYRUP

1 1/3 cups (325 mL) all-purpose flour
2 tbsp (25 mL) sugar
3 tsp (15 mL) baking powder
1/2 tsp (2 mL) salt
1 egg
1 cup (250 mL) milk
3 tbsp (45 mL) vegetable oil

SYRUP

1 cup (250 mL) packed brown sugar
1/2 cup (125 mL) water
2 tsp (10 mL) butter
1/2 tsp (2 mL) rum extract

1. In small bowl, combine flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt. In another bowl, combine egg, milk, and oil; stir into dry ingredients just until combined. Pour batter by 1/3 cupfuls (75 mL portions) onto a lightly greased hot griddle. Turn when bubbles form on top of the pancake; cook until second side is golden brown.

2. Meanwhile, in small saucepan, combine syrup ingredients. Cook until sugar is dissolved. Serve with pancakes.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 serving (3 each) equals 1,097 calories, 32 g fat (8 g saturated fat), 133 mg cholesterol, 1,365 mg sodium, 189 g carbohydrate, 2 g fibre, 16 g protein.*



Pork Sausage Patties

With savoury pork sausage patties, any breakfast gets a boost. These little beauties will certainly have them coming back for seconds.

—CAROLE THOMSON, KOMARNO, MAN.

PREP/TOTAL TIME: 25 MIN.
MAKES: 6 SERVINGS

1 large egg, beaten
1/3 cup (75 mL) milk
1/2 cup (125 mL) onion, chopped
2 tbsp (25 mL) all-purpose flour
1/8 tsp (0.5 mL) salt
Dash pepper
1 lb (500 g) sage bulk pork sausage

1. In large bowl, combine first six ingredients. Crumble sausage over mixture and mix well. Shape into six patties.

2. In large skillet, cook patties over medium heat for 6 minutes on each side or until meat is no longer pink, turning occasionally. Freeze option: Prepare uncooked patties and freeze, covered, on plastic wrap-lined baking sheet until firm. Transfer patties to a resealable plastic bag; return to freezer. To use, cook frozen patties as directed, increasing time as necessary for a thermometer to read 160°F (71°C).

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 patty equals 219 calories, 18 g fat (6 g saturated fat), 73 mg cholesterol, 527 mg sodium, 5 g carbohydrate, trace fibre, 10 g protein.*



Roasted Pepper, Bacon & Egg Muffins

This fun and filling sandwich is just as great for lunch, dinner, or a quick snack as it is for breakfast.
—LOUISE GILBERT, QUESNEL, B.C.

PREP: 20 MIN. + STANDING
COOK: 10 MIN.
MAKES: 2 SERVINGS

- **1/2 medium sweet red pepper**
- **1/2 cup (125 mL) sweet onion, coarsely chopped**
- **1 tsp (5 mL) butter**
- **4 large egg whites**
- **2 large eggs**
- **1 tbsp (15 mL) fat-free milk**
- **1/4 tsp (1 mL) pepper**
- **2 center-cut bacon strips, cooked and crumbled**
- **2 tbsp (25 mL) reduced-fat cheddar cheese, shredded**
- **2 whole wheat English muffins, split and toasted**

1. Remove and discard seeds from pepper half. Place cut side down on baking sheet. Broil 4 inches from the heat until the skin blisters, about 6 minutes. Immediately place pepper half in small bowl; cover and let stand for 15-20 minutes. Peel off and discard charred skin; chop pepper.

2. In small nonstick skillet coated with cooking spray, sauté onion in butter until tender. In large bowl, whisk egg whites, eggs, milk, and pepper. Pour into pan. Add bacon and chopped pepper; cook and stir over medium heat until eggs are completely set. Remove from heat. Sprinkle with cheese; cover and let stand until cheese is melted. Spoon onto English muffins. Serve immediately.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 serving equals 329 calories, 12 g fat (5 g saturated fat), 229 mg cholesterol, 662 mg sodium, 34 g carbohydrate, 6 g fibre, 25 g protein.*



Maple Apple Baked Oatmeal

I've tried a number of different types of fruit for this recipe, but apple seems to be my family's favourite. I mix the dry and wet ingredients in separate bowls the night before and combine them the next morning when it's ready to be baked.

—MEGAN BROOKS, SAINT LAZARE, QUE.

PREP: 20 MIN.
BAKE: 25 MIN.
MAKES: 8 SERVINGS

- **3 cups (750 mL) old-fashioned oats**
- **2 tsp (10 mL) baking powder**
- **1 1/4 tsp (6 mL) ground cinnamon**
- **1/2 tsp (2 mL) salt**
- **1/4 tsp (1 mL) ground nutmeg**
- **2 large eggs**
- **2 cups (500 mL) fat-free milk**
- **1/2 cup (125 mL) maple syrup**
- **1/4 cup (50 mL) canola oil**
- **1 tsp (5 mL) vanilla extract**
- **1 large apple, chopped**
- **1/4 cup (50 mL) sunflower kernels or pepitas**

1. Preheat oven to 350°F (180°C). In large bowl, mix first five ingredients. In small bowl, whisk eggs, milk, syrup, oil, and vanilla until blended; stir into dry ingredients. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir in apple.

2. Transfer to an 11 x 7-in. (28 x 18 cm) baking dish coated with cooking spray. Sprinkle with sunflower kernels. Bake, uncovered, 25-30 minutes or until set and edges are lightly browned.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 piece equals 305 calories, 13 g fat (2 g saturated fat), 48 mg cholesterol, 325 mg sodium, 41 g carbohydrate, 4 g fibre, 8 g protein.*



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Nearly a quarter of Canadians feel undue amounts of strain in their daily lives. Take a load off and decompress with these expert-approved tips.

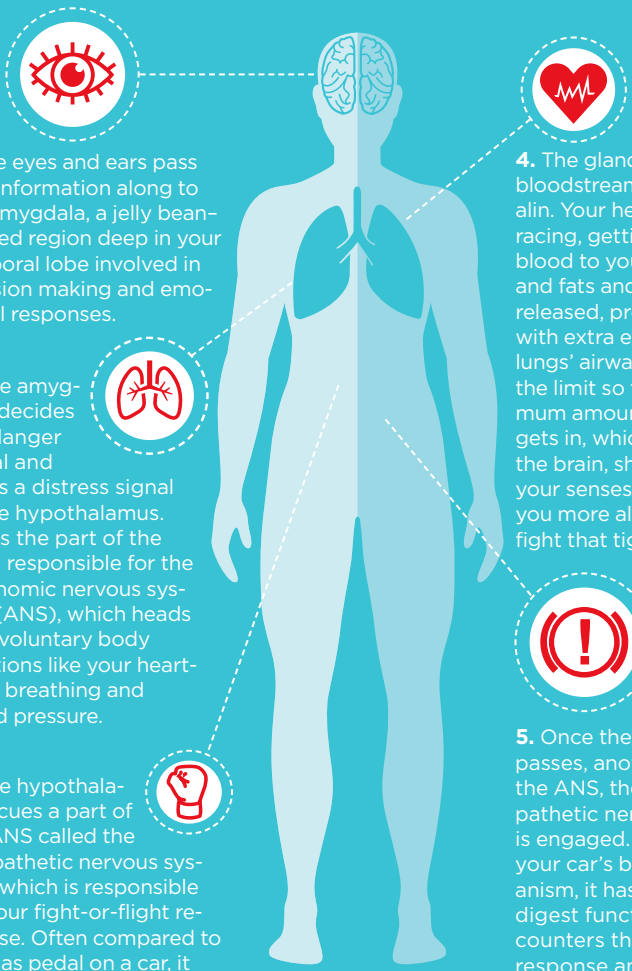
25 THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT STRESS RIGHT NOW

BY DANIELLE GROEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOCELYN MICHEL

1 What happens to your body under pressure?

Stress gives us the energy to fight or flee, which is pretty useful if you're staring down a sabre-toothed tiger but not quite as productive in the lead-up to a job interview. Here's what happens in your brain when you sense danger:



1. The eyes and ears pass that information along to the amygdala, a jelly bean–shaped region deep in your temporal lobe involved in decision making and emotional responses.

2. The amygdala decides the danger is real and sends a distress signal to the hypothalamus. That's the part of the brain responsible for the autonomic nervous system (ANS), which heads up involuntary body functions like your heartbeat, breathing and blood pressure.

3. The hypothalamus cues a part of the ANS called the sympathetic nervous system, which is responsible for your fight-or-flight response. Often compared to the gas pedal on a car, it sets off the adrenal glands.

4. The glands flood the bloodstream with adrenalin. Your heart starts racing, getting more blood to your muscles, and fats and sugar are released, providing you with extra energy. The lungs' airways open to the limit so the maximum amount of oxygen gets in, which is sent to the brain, sharpening your senses and making you more alert. (Now, go fight that tiger!)

5. Once the danger passes, another part of the ANS, the parasympathetic nervous system, is engaged. Much like your car's braking mechanism, it has a rest-and-digest function that counters the stress response and gets your body back to normal.

2) THERE'S A FORMULA TO HELP YOU DETERMINE WHAT'S TRIGGERING THOSE FIGHT-OR-FLIGHT FEELINGS.

After 60 years of research, scientists have determined what provokes stress, says Dr. Sonia Lupien, director of the Centre for Studies on Human Stress in Montreal. There's even a handy acronym: NUTS.

N is for Novelty: "This is something new you've not experienced before, like the first day of school or a new job."

U is for Unpredictability: "When you don't know how something is going to [take shape, as is the case during] a trip to the dentist."

T is for Threat to the Ego: "When your competence is threatened, such as in front of colleagues. We're very sensitive to this."

S is for Sense of Control: "When you feel you have little or no control over the situation, like being stuck in traffic."

It's helpful to identify your sources of stress, Lupien says, because "a problem well-defined is a problem almost solved." She notes that the opposite of stress is not relaxation—it's resilience. "If you tell your brain that you can deal with this, it will stop producing the stress hormone and you will calm down." But if you need a quick fix, Lupien suggests these techniques:

Breathe deeply: "Extend your diaphragm; once the muscle is activated, it will stop the stress response."
Sing: "Singing makes you do abdominal breathing without you even realizing—it's funny like that."
Exercise: "You have to use the energy that you mobilize. Then it is eliminated."
Laugh: "The same region that makes you stressed, the hippocampus, makes you laugh. When we laugh, we produce hormones that stop the stress response."

3

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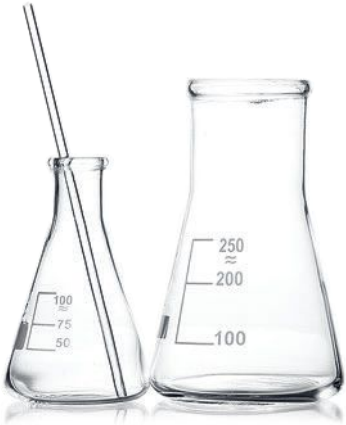
Percentage of Canadians who report high stress levels on a daily basis, according to the first-ever national-level report on mental health, released in 2015 by the Mental Health Commission of Canada.

4) Men and women have different stress dreams.

In 2013, psychologists from the University of Montreal found that while men's nightmares tended toward the catastrophic—earthquakes, the apocalypse, vermin—women were twice as likely to have bad dreams about interpersonal conflict, betrayal and humiliation.



(PAGE 48): (ASSISTANT) RENAUD LAFRENIÈRE; (STYLIST) MARIE-CLAUDE GUAY; (HAIR AND MAKEUP) MARIE-CLAUDE LANGEVIN; (TALENT) CAROLINE GERVAIS/AGENCE HÉLÈNE ROBITAILLE; (PHOTO AGENCY) LECONSULAT.COM; (RAT ON PAGE 51) SHUTTERSTOCK



5 Science is trying to build a stress Breathalyzer.

In a small 2013 study out of the United Kingdom, participants were subjected to a super-stressful experience (a tricky math test) and a neutral one (hearing classical music). After testing for six compounds in the breath, researchers found that, after the quiz, two were elevated and four reduced, potentially due to more rapid breathing. This could be the first step toward a "stress-alyzer," allowing doctors to more quickly diagnose a problem that, over time, increases your risk for heart attack and stroke.

6) YOU CAN SMELL THE STRESS ON SOMEONE.

Emotional stress releases odours that aren't present during exercise. In 2009, researchers from New York's Stony Brook University School of Medicine had some subjects run for 20 minutes and others fall from the sky for 20 minutes (with an instructor) . When members of a third group entered brain scanners and sniffed the stressed-out sample, it lit up the amygdala, which governs emotional responses. The runners' sweat had no effect.

7 Stress is contagious.

A 2013 German study published in the journal *Psychoneuroendocrinology* provided more proof of second-hand stress. Thirty per cent of people showed spiked levels of cortisol after simply observing someone in a stressful situation, and 24 per cent of them still experienced stress when they were watching that tense person in a video recording, instead of face to face.

8 It's especially contagious if you love the person.

When our romantic partners are involved, it's even easier to "catch" second-hand stress. The German study found that 40 per cent of subjects felt triggered after being exposed to a loved one's anxiety.

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Get on your bike!

As various bits of research have shown, cycling will lower your stress levels, whether you're doing a quick errand or committing to a lifetime on two wheels.

9 **15 MINUTES LATER**
A 2013 study out of Japan showed a marked drop in people's cortisol levels after they pedalled for just 15 minutes on a stationary bike.

10 **AN HOUR LATER**
Researchers from California's Stanford University found in 2015 that, compared to their cycling colleagues, those who drove or took the subway breathed more shallowly an hour later—a sure sign of stress.

11 **18 YEARS LATER**
After following 17,985 adult commuters for 18 years, U.K. researchers discovered in 2014 that those who walked or biked reported being happier, more confident and better able to face their problems.

12) IF YOU HAVE TO DRIVE SOMEWHERE, PLAN AHEAD.

In a 2012 study from the University of California, drivers in San Jose reported they felt less stressed after using traffic-navigation technology for their commutes than when they chose to just wing it.

13 Chew gum; cut down stress.

At Cardiff University in Wales, 133 volunteers were tested on memory, motor skills and reaction time while sitting in silence and when industrial noise was played at the volume of a vacuum cleaner. Chewing gum during the blasting noise was associated with better performance and a better mood than those who went without.

SHUTTERSTOCK



14) TOYS CAN DO THE TRICK.

Being conscious for an operation is a preposterously stressful situation. So in 2015, psychologists at the University of Surrey in England asked nearly 400 patients to either listen to music, talk to a nurse, watch a DVD or fiddle with a stress ball while undergoing minimally invasive vein surgery. Music made no difference to their reported levels of anxiety or pain, while subjects who used stress balls experienced 18 per cent less anxiety and 22 per cent less pain than those undergoing treatment with no distraction. A good conversation can help, too: while the balls were best for managing physical discomfort, interacting with a nurse resulted in the biggest drop in participants' anxiety levels, at 30 per cent.

15 You can read your way out of stress.

Neuropsychologists at the University of Sussex in Brighton, England, discovered a pretty terrific formula: **six minutes** of reading is all you need to reduce stress levels by 68 per cent. That's better than listening to music (at 61 per cent), having a cup of tea (54 per cent) or taking a walk (42 per cent).

...but you can build it back up to size with:

17 **DIET:** A 2014 study out of the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA) found that the hippocampus—related to memory and emotional resilience—was 14 per cent larger in seniors who ate baked or broiled fish on a weekly basis than those who did not.

18 **EXERCISE:** Scientists from the University of Illinois followed 120 elders for a year. In 2010, they found that the volume of the hippocampus jumped by two per cent in those who walked for 40 minutes, three times a week.

19 **MEDITATION:** Based on 2010 research out of Harvard University in Massachusetts, eight weeks of meditation (for an average of 27 minutes a day) boosted density in the hippocampus.



16) STRESS SHRINKS YOUR BRAIN...

According to Yale University scientists in Connecticut who, in 2012, examined tissue donated from a brain bank, chronic stress leads to a loss of synapses between brain cells, specifically the ones responsible for emotion and cognition. That, in turn, leads to a loss of brain mass, making your noggin a little lighter.

20) SERIOUSLY, START MEDITATING.

A 2013 meta-analysis of 200-plus studies on mindfulness-based therapy, conducted by psychologists at Boston University, the University of Montreal and Quebec's Laval University, concluded that meditation reduces anxiety and stress. And a 2015 study of Ohio nurses on an intensive care unit found that eight weeks of meditation cut stress levels by 40 per cent.



SHUTTERSTOCK

21 Not sure how to meditate? Here's a handy guide.

Kelsang Rigden, a Buddhist nun and teacher at Toronto's Kadampa Meditation Centre, offers some tips:

1. Keep your back straight to prevent the mind from becoming sluggish or sleepy.
2. Let your focus soften and your eyes half-close.
3. Breathe naturally, through the nostrils.
4. Don't try to control the breath.
5. When your mind wanders, concentrate on the breath. Count if it helps keep you focused.
6. Breathe this way for 10 to 15 minutes each day.
7. Be patient with yourself. Gradually, distracting thoughts subside and our minds become calm.

22) HUG YOUR FAMILY!

In a 2015 study, researchers from Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., subjected 66 teen girls to a stress test. Some of them held their mothers' hands during the test; others had to go it alone. The girls who had contact with their moms were able to manage stress more effectively. It's what psychologists refer to as emotional load sharing.

23 Stress doesn't make it harder to get pregnant.

A 2011 *British Medical Journal* meta-analysis of 14 studies found that women with extreme levels of emotional distress were as likely to get pregnant as women with milder levels after one round of in vitro fertilization.



24) Get a furry companion.

In a 2007 UCLA study, some patients hospitalized for heart failure spent 12 minutes with a therapy dog, while another group interacted with a volunteer. The canine crowd experienced greater decreases in their adrenalin and anxiety levels compared to those patients whose visitors could actually talk back.

25) SELF-ESTEEM IS A NATURAL STRESS BUSTER.

Researchers from Concordia University in Montreal met with 147 adults over 60 for four years. After factoring in economic and marriage status, they found that high self-esteem levels produced lower levels of the stress hormone cortisol. Let us help kick-start that confidence: we think you're great.

SHUTTERSTOCK



Sumner cycles with his prosthetic leg visible so other amputees can relate.



Amputee Stephen Sumner delivers a simple treatment for phantom-limb pain

The Man and the MIRROR

BY SRINATH PERUR FROM *MOSAIC*

ONE JUNE EVENING in 2004, while vacationing in Tuscany, Italy, Canadian Stephen Sumner was driving a scooter down a quiet road when a motorist crashed into him and sent him flying. He broke his collarbone and ribs, and his left arm and leg were crushed. The doctors saved his arm, but the leg had to be amputated above the knee. The then-43-year-old knew he'd lost his limb—there were gruesome visual reminders every time the stump was cleaned. Still, he could feel the leg.

It began in his dreams. During a particularly powerful vision, he was lying on a wooden cart, his left leg visible to just above the knee. The rest of the limb was hanging through a gap in the slats, swinging with the rhythm of the lurching vehicle.

During his third week in the hospital, Sumner began to experience extreme pain: excruciatingly clenched toes, jolts that felt like being shocked by a cattle prod, writhing so violent that his head banged against the sides of the hospital bed. A doctor assured him that the attacks would go away.

Back in his native Vancouver at the end of July, Sumner underwent physiotherapy and began wearing a prosthetic leg. The pain came and went. "Everything was good," he says. "Except my non-existent leg was killing me."

AT LEAST 50 to 80 per cent of all amputees report phantom-limb pain. Doctors used to think the discomfort stemmed from damaged nerves near the site of the amputation. In the past, medical professionals tried techniques such as shortening the stump, which occasionally provided temporary relief but seldom had a lasting effect.

Then, in the early 1990s, neuroscientist Dr. V. S. Ramachandran and his colleagues at the University of California, San Diego, conducted experiments that changed our understanding of phantom limbs. It started with a simple touch: when the researchers stroked the left side of the face of a young man who had recently lost his left arm, he felt sensations in his phantom hand.

Scientists already knew that sensory inputs in our brains correspond to different parts of the body. In this schema, the area correlated to the face is located adjacent to that of the hand. So, the scientists wondered, could the young man's phantom twinges be the result of sensory inputs from his face "invading" the brain region that was accorded with his missing appendage?

Brain imaging confirmed this was the case. Over time, other researchers found that rewired inputs could potentially activate neural pain pathways for the missing hand. They also discovered that when signals sent to

(ALL PHOTOS) PATRICK BROWN/PANOS PICTURES

move the missing hand didn't end in any visual or sensory confirmation, the incongruity was perceived as pain.

Ramachandran and his group wondered if it might help patients to "see" their phantom limbs move. The scientists built a mirror box—which hid the stump while allowing a reflection of the intact limb to appear where the phantom one ought to be. The first amputee to use it, in the mid-'90s, felt immediate relief.

SUMNER TRIED TO will his discomfort away, but the pain persisted. "Then I tried to drink it to death, which was costly and messy in every sense, plus totally ineffective," he says.

In 2008, Sumner was working as a property manager in Baja California, Mexico, when he had an agonizing attack. He'd read about mirror therapy online in the past and decided to give it a shot. Sumner drove two and a half hours to the nearest Home Depot to buy a mirror, tried the treatment in the parking lot and almost immediately felt the pain dissipate.

He used the mirror for two weeks, then stopped—the therapy had succeeded. About a year and a half later, the attacks returned. Sumner resumed performing treatment for 10 minutes, twice a day for five weeks. He hasn't had phantom-limb pain since.

IN THE FALL of 2011, it struck Sumner that mirror therapy might be his calling: he would travel to where there were amputees in pain and teach them how to use the technique. Cambodia was his first destination because it had an inordinately high number of amputees. It was also small and flat, which was important because Sumner was planning to travel by bicycle.

> SUMNER ISN'T SURPRISED WHEN PEOPLE DON'T REPORT PHANTOM-LIMB PAIN. "NOBODY WANTS TO BE THOUGHT OF AS CRAZY."

January 2014 marked Sumner's third visit to Cambodia. That January, he found himself in the city of Battambang, one of the most heavily land-mined regions in one of the most heavily land-mined countries.

Sumner grinned as he walked. His prosthetic knee was visible below the hem of his shorts. This was partly by design: the success of his work depended on other "amps," as he affectionately calls them, accepting him as one of their own. His mode of transportation, too, was part of earning trust: "It impresses people that I roll up on a bicycle."

The Red Cross centre in Battambang fits prostheses and conducts rehab for free. There, the manager told Sumner that none of its amputees



The specially designed mirrors are cheap, light and tough to break.

had phantom pain, which, he says, is a common response: "Nobody wants to be thought of as crazy."

Sumner asked to speak with the patients. Through the manager, he told them about how he'd cured himself. "How many of you have phantom-limb pain?" he asked. Thirty-seven out of 44 people raised their hands.

Afterwards, Sumner conducted a workshop for the centre's therapists and left behind some mirrors for patients to use. Today, he's distributed around 1,250 of them.

Later during the trip, a volunteer drove Sumner to Ratanak Mondul, a community populated entirely by amputees and their families. The scenery was dotted with signs marking areas where mines had been cleared. The Cambodian and Vietnamese armies and the Khmer Rouge are estimated to have collectively laid around 10 million mines in the country. Only about half have been recovered. Land mines and unexploded ordnance killed close to a reported 20,000 people and injured more than 44,000 more between 1979 and 2015 in Cambodia.

Every family in Ratanak Mondul has a patch of land to farm and a bamboo-and-wood stilt house. From one home, four children aged four to six spilled out into the yard. A bright heap of corncobs dried in the sun. The children's grandfather, in his 50s, was farming the land. Only when he came closer did it become evident that one of his legs was prosthetic.

The community's schoolteacher was a woman around 30. One of her legs was prosthetic, and she learned from Sumner how to use a mirror. The

therapy consists of three steps: first, patients are instructed to look at their reflections. Next, they must imagine the reflections of the limbs are actually attached to their bodies. Finally, patients must move their bodies—wiggling their fingers, bending their knees—while looking in the mirror.

When he teaches mirror therapy, Sumner points to his head: "You have a commander here that controls the body. The commander has a map of the whole body. When the map doesn't match the body, the commander panics, and you feel pain. This mirror tricks the commander into thinking the leg still exists, so the pain goes away."

NOT EVERYONE IS convinced. Tamar Makin, an associate professor at the University of Oxford in England, published a paper in 2013 that questioned the neurological processes behind mirror therapy. She believes the relief many amputees feel is the result of a placebo effect. Several separate controlled trials of mirror therapy have shown it works better than a placebo. But a 2011 systematic review, which examined multiple existing studies, reached no definite conclusion and found some research to be of poor quality.

"Patients are complicated, and nothing works for everybody," says Dr. Eric Altschuler, a collaborator of Ramachandran's from Temple University's Lewis Katz School of Medicine in Philadelphia. In his experience, there is more than one kind of phantom pain—some experience burning, while others feel a clenching sensation, for example—a distinction often not taken into account in trials. Even so, Altschuler adds, "The mirror is the only effective treatment."

Whatever the science, there's something marvellous about a one-legged man on a bicycle riding into villages with a bunch of mirrors. Later in his trip, Sumner rode to a rehabilitation workshop run almost entirely by amputees who make wheelchairs, crutches, walkers and prostheses. Seven or eight people whom Sumner had treated on his previous visits gathered. "For how many of you did the pain disappear?" he asked. There was clapping, and almost all present raised their hands.

Stephen Sumner raises money through his organization, Me and My Mirror, so that he can bring therapy to regions with large populations of amputees. He hopes to visit Myanmar, Crimea and Ukraine soon. Sumner's work with the Red Cross in Southeast Asia has influenced therapists to begin using mirrors to help treat the wounded in countries such as Gaza, Iran and Syria. R

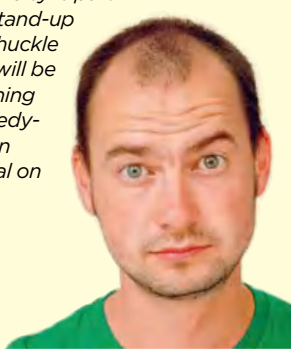
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Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD
BY JORDAN FOISY

The least useful piece of information? When the karaoke screen tells you what key your song is in. Has anybody ever used that? No one's like, "Oh, 'Rebel Yell' is in the key of E? I thought it was in A. Thank God, I almost made a fool of myself."



Jordan Foisy is part of the stand-up gang Chuckle Co. He will be performing at Comedy-Works in Montreal on Jan. 24.

NOW THAT'S USING YOUR NOODLE

My sister bet me $100 that I couldn't build a car out of spaghetti.

You should have seen the look on her face as I drove pasta. buzzfeed.com

HOLY MATRI-GROANY

I went to a really emotional wedding yesterday. Even the cake was in tiers.

reddit.com

Two antennas met on a roof, fell in love and got married.

The ceremony wasn't much, but the reception was excellent.

guy-sports.com

ANOTHER ROUND?

A woman from ancient Rome walks into a bar. She holds up two fingers and says, "Five beers, please!"

grandparents.com

An anteater walks into a bar, and the bartender says, "What can I get ya, fella? You look like a whisky guy."

The anteater says, "Nooooo."

The bartender asks, "Well, how about tequila?"

Again, the anteater says, "Nooooo."

The bartender presses, "Then, can I get you a beer?"

"Nooooo," comes the response.

"Man," the bartender says, "why the long nose?" reddit.com

Send us your original jokes! You could earn $50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 9 or rd.ca/joke for details.

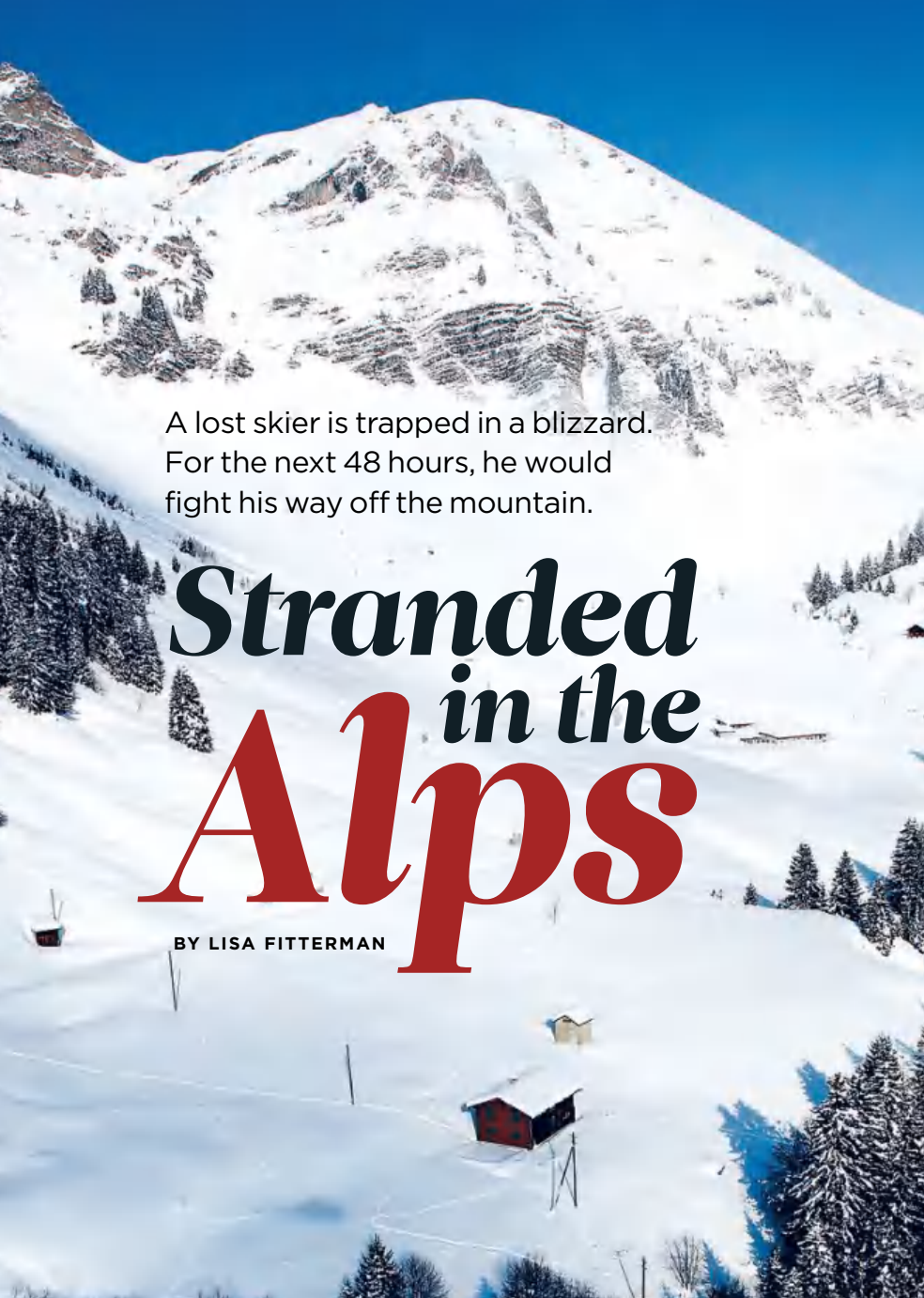


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*vs. Poise. **based on average U.S. consumer usage. †while supplies last.



A lost skier is trapped in a blizzard. For the next 48 hours, he would fight his way off the mountain.

Stranded in the Alps

BY LISA FITTERMAN



Mark Doose, an experienced skier, was disoriented by a raging storm.

FIRST CAME THE WIND. It whipped at Mark Doose as he prepared to tackle a run on Isenau, one of three ski areas on the mountain at Les Diablerets, a Swiss resort near Lausanne. It had been a glorious mid-winter Sunday, but then the snow began to fall fast and hard. By noon, the exchange student from Hinsdale, Ill., then 19, could barely see three metres in front of him.

Only three other skiers were up on the hills on February 1, 2015. To Doose, they were strangers, and he was reluctant to ask them for help. Besides, he had 15 years of experience on the slopes. Really, all he had to do was head down to the bottom—just as he'd done earlier that day. His American and Swiss mobile phones still had some battery power, and he had a one-litre bottle of water and a clementine in his backpack, left over from lunch. Besides, growing up in a suburb of Chicago had inured him to blizzards and high winds. How hard could this one be?

Follow the gondola's pylons, he told himself, glancing at the shapes that were still just visible through the storm. They would surely end near the village, since the structure had been built to ferry people up and down the hills. He adjusted the straps of his pack, planted his poles and set off. This will take 30 minutes, tops, he told himself.

THE NIGHT BEFORE, Doose, who'd only been in Switzerland a week, had been so excited to ski that he'd hardly slept. He rested fitfully in his room at the École Polytechnique Fédérale de Lausanne, where he was spending a semester studying bioengineering. His gear was already packed and ready to go.

I have to get out early, he thought, checking the train schedules again. It would take about 90 minutes to journey from the school to the village of Les Diablerets, perched more than a kilometre up the north side of the area's main mountain mass.

> WHEN HE GAZED UP BEHIND HIM, ALL MARK DOOSE COULD SEE WAS A WHITE VOID OF BLOWING SNOW.

Once on the train, he pulled out his phone to chat with his dad. Chuck had passed a love of the outdoors on to Mark and his older brother, Mike. He was proud when they advanced through the ranks of the Boy Scouts. Along the way, the younger Dooses spent several weekends in the wilderness learning survival skills.

"Have a great time," Chuck said. "Let me know what it's like."

"Of course!" Doose replied.

(ALL PHOTOS) DARRIN VANSELOW

BY MIDDAY, THE student hadn't had a chance to make another call. He'd barely been able to reply with a cheerful "Yep!" when his mom, Barbara, had sent him a Facebook message to ask if he was skiing. There'll be time when I'm on the train, he'd thought. But Doose hadn't anticipated the horrendous storm. Stranded on the mountain, buffeted by snow, he couldn't predict when he'd be able to talk to his parents again.

The young man was cautious as he progressed down the slope, constantly looking around to make sure the pylons were still there. The snow was accumulating quickly, blowing in his face and making it increasingly difficult to see, and it was becoming heavier by the second.

All of a sudden, he realized the pylons had disappeared. Maybe I was following the wrong lift, Doose thought. But he didn't panic. He resisted the urge to call emergency services, loath to cause a fuss.

Keep going down, he told himself. "Down" meant a hot drink, a meal and the train back to school. When he gazed up behind him, all Doose could see was a white void of blowing snow.

BY NOW, IT had been two hours since the storm had begun. He took stock of the thick forest around him, concluding that the only clear way was through a ravine that looked shallow and wide. A stream ran through it,



Le Ravin du Torrent, the trail at Les Diablerets where Doose lost his way.

burbling in the spots where it wasn't muffled by piles of snow. He'd be able to refill his water bottle.

After a few minutes, the ravine suddenly narrowed, with steep pitches on either side. *Keep going down.* Surely the village was just a bit further. He'd turn the next corner and there it would be, lights twinkling.

But it wasn't around the next one, or the next. Instead, Doose found himself on a plateau in the ravine, in heavy snow that reached past his knees. This wasn't alpine skiing any longer. Rather, it was like hiking on downhill skis, an exhausting endeavour. Could he do it?

He pulled out his American mobile, which had no signal. Neither did his Swiss one, although it did show the time: it was 4 p.m. At least 90 minutes had passed since Doose had entered the ravine. It had been four hours since the snow had started coming down. Although the storm had waned, the afternoon light was gone.

"Is anybody there?" he shouted.

All of a sudden, the stream's path changed. Now it was blocking his way. Doose knew he had no choice but to cross it, somehow. Resigned, he took off his skis and stepped in. The water came up to his ankles, soaking his ski pants. Happily, it didn't rise high enough to enter his boots, which reached to his shins. Doose braced himself as the intense cold shot through his body.

I'm lucky to be wearing thermal layers, he thought.

"Keep going down" was more urgent now. He had to continue moving or else—well, he refused to let his mind go there.

By 5 p.m., it was dark. Doose continued on his path and tried to remain upbeat. Around 8 p.m., he wondered when the last train for Lausanne left. By 9 p.m., although he didn't want to admit it to himself, Doose knew he was stuck in the ravine for the night. Then came a terrifying thought: no one even knows I'm missing.

Keep going down. And he did, his shins sore and bruised from the constant rubbing of his boots, until the sun pierced the thick ranks of fir trees lining the ravine the next morning. It was around 9 a.m. Doose lifted his face to enjoy the warmth and realized that, after nearly 20 hours of ski-hiking, he needed to sleep if he was going to survive. Weary, he leaned against a tree and settled in for a nap.



"NO WAY!" DOOSE CRIED, HOLDING HIS SKIS UP HIGH AS HE STRUGGLED IN THE STREAM. "NO WAY AM I GOING TO DIE!"

IN CHICAGO, CHUCK was concerned. He'd sent his son some photos and hadn't heard anything in response. Doose hadn't called as he'd promised, either. He's probably asleep, Chuck thought. I'll try him again tomorrow.

Unbeknownst to the father, his son was waking up by the tree, cold and stiff after his fitful two-hour slumber. Doose bit the ice off his leather gloves, which had frozen solid. He was thankful that his wilderness skills and the thermal layers he was wearing had done their job, insulating him from the worst of the elements.

He donned his gear, grabbed his poles and started out, only to sink

into the snowdrifts, which now came up to his chest. If he took off his skis, he'd sink even further.

There's no choice, he thought. Go!

He silently talked himself through the laborious, painful rhythm. *Lift your knee high enough for the ski to clear the snow. Bring your foot forward and place the ski down. If the tip becomes stuck, wriggle to lift it up. Repeat with the other leg.*

As Doose slogged, he heard thundering rumbles as heavy snow fell off of trees. A sickening realization struck him: he was hiking through avalanche territory.

His thoughts immediately went to his parents, who had divorced in 2009. His dad would surely be worried by now, as would his mom, with whom he was particularly close. He thought of his brother, Mike. Tears filled his eyes. He *had* to survive.

Keep going down.

By midday, Doose had surveyed the area and estimated he'd only been able to advance 300 metres. All around him were trees, high banks, snow and the stream he was following. Then the stream turned yet again, blocking his path. He'd have to cross it a second time. Here the water appeared shallow, flowing fast over rocks and pebbles into a puddle-like basin. It won't even come to the top of my boots, he thought.

With a ski and pole in each hand, Doose cautiously crept along the slippery pebbles. He took a tentative step into the basin. The stream bed dipped precipitously. All of a sudden, he was in water up to his chest.

"No way!" he cried, holding his skis above his head as he struggled to reach the other bank. "No way am I going to die!"

His mobile phones were soaked and his boots flooded. He tried to squeeze water from his jacket and pants, but he knew it was much more important to keep moving. His clothes, special blends of wool and polyester, dried quickly and wicked the dampness away from his skin.

After almost 24 hours of exertion, his muscles burned as he set out again, this time carrying his skis over his shoulder—the bindings were frozen. "Please, someone be looking for me," he said aloud.

Two hours later, in the early afternoon, Doose stopped short, his heart sinking. The stream flowed into a waterfall that dropped more than 15 metres. You won't be able to jump down, he told himself. Hike around it to get to the other side of the stream.

Slowly, painfully, Doose climbed up the bank, holding a ski in each hand, along with his poles. With each step, he dug a boot into the terrain, a mix of snow, stone, soil and spongy moss, then used the edge of a ski to cut into the ground above him.

It took two gruelling hours before the rock face levelled out into a crest.



The Colonne de Secours des Diablerets used a 75-metre cable to rescue Doose.

By then, the ice on his bindings had melted, and Doose managed to put his skis back on. It was around 3 p.m. He was feeling good, even triumphant. He would surely come upon the village soon.

At 4 p.m., his progress alongside the stream was blocked by another waterfall, this one with a drop of only seven metres. Ski down the side, he told himself. He began to traverse the slope, descending gingerly with parallel moves—each time, he'd bend his knees, then jump to turn his skis slightly downhill in the other direction.

Once. Twice.

Suddenly, he caught an edge and was flying down. After five metres, he landed hard on his back, his helmet hitting ice and his knees smashing into his face. For a few moments he lay there, afraid to move in case he couldn't. A broken anything would mean the end of him. But when he sat up, he realized he was okay. His equipment—water bottle, goggles and backpack—had landed nearby. He picked it up and started out again.

But now the binding on his right ski was totally frozen. Doose was still wearing his left ski, which he used to propel himself along. He continued trudging well into the night. At 11 p.m., he could go no further. Grateful for his Boy Scout training, he quickly dug a hole in the snow—if he crawled in, he recalled, he might be able to stave off hypothermia. Doose sank into the hollow. As he dozed off, he thought, Surely someone is looking for me now.

BY MONDAY EVENING, having heard nothing from their son all day, Chuck and Barbara were in panic mode back in the United States. Chuck, who had online access to Doose's banking records, saw that the boy hadn't used his debit card since Sunday. The realization sunk in: he was still somewhere on the mountain, possibly hurt—or worse. They filed a missing person's report with authorities.

As searchers geared up to find Doose on Tuesday, February 3, they

had no idea where to start looking. The three ski areas that surrounded Les Diablerets were intimidatingly huge.

When Doose awoke that Tuesday—his third day lost on the mountain—the snow hole had done its job. Although he was cold, his fingers and toes were working. His spirit, however, was beginning to flag. *What will happen to Mom if I die?* Tears filled his eyes.

Keep going down.

It was a race in slow motion over 150 metres, his eyes trained on the ground, each painful step etched in his grim expression. And then—the distinct sound of barking dogs.

His heart beating fast, Doose looked up to see a chalet on a hill up ahead, silhouetted against the late morning sun. A few cars drove past on a road, maybe 100 metres away, that was barely visible around the corner of the ravine.

"Help me! *Aidez-moi!*" Doose shouted. They didn't stop. "Oh, come on!" he yelped in frustration. His determination, everything that had kept him alive until now—he could feel it all leaving his body. Slumping to the ground, all he could do was cry for help. One hour passed, then two, then three.

"I'm right here! *Je suis ici!*"

After four hours, four hikers walking on the trail heard him and answered his plea. They quickly alerted the local police, who, carrying a harness, hiked over to where Doose lay. A helicopter was summoned, and, using the harness, Doose and an officer were lifted to safety—and transported to a nearby hospital.

If Doose had been able to think clearly, he might have laughed. He'd collapsed just 150 metres from the outskirts of Les Diablerets.

DOOSE'S PARENTS AND brother received word of the rescue on Tuesday and booked a flight to Switzerland soon after. By the time they arrived, Doose was being discharged. Save for some bruises and minor frostbite in his fingers, he was, miraculously, fine.

As everyone hugged tight, Doose became defensive.

"Dad, I didn't do anything wrong," he said. "I didn't try to ski off-route."

His family laughed. "Mark, you did everything just right," Chuck replied. "You survived." R

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EASY, BREEZY

So what if I can't spell "Armageddon"? It's not the end of the world.

STEWART FRANCIS



SHUTTERSTOCK

The deceptively simple butter tart is as complex as Canada's history

Beyond the CRUST

BY CHRIS RANDLE
FROM *HAZLITT*

THERE'S THIS MANNER people pick up after eating six or seven butter tarts—they move in trembles and jolts. Delirious gluttony had brought more than 20,000 of us together at the third annual butter tart festival in Midland, Ont. The event had drawn a crowd larger than the town's entire population. At the community centre, the hall was perfumed with syrup and lard as I watched celebrity judges work through the homemade category—or half-watched them, since competitive baking turns out to be light on spectacle. Volunteers brought leftover pastry chunks out to the audience, each sample amending the standard sugar, syrup, butter and eggs to follow this year's "freestyle" theme—we sampled citrus, raspberry coconut, tarts embellished with pumpkin or pecan, another that combined chocolate and peanut like a sturdier Reese's Cup.

Toronto artist Jillian Tamaki tried a cherry almond butter tart—very flaky, nicely browned crust—and called it "classy." Like me, she had come here because of the cartoonist Michael DeForge, who had successfully pestered the festival into making him a judge via Twitter. A squad of friends had travelled up from Toronto, and eating nothing but sweets had left us unable to sit still for longer than three seconds. DeForge wandered over, official duties fulfilled, and peeled off the judging smock. "I feel like I just rubbed grease all over my body," he said.

WHILE IT MAY seem like a simple dessert, so much about the butter tart remains deeply weird. Even its name is mystifying: the filling of a typical recipe contains far more sugar than butter. The confection shares certain similarities with the francophone sugar pie, or those British desserts teeming with treacle, or an American pecan pie, minus the nuts and the extreme sweetness. Nevertheless, the butter tart has long been associated with rural Ontario.

> BACK IN 2014, MORE THAN 50,000 BUTTER TARTS WERE SOLD AT THE MIDLAND FESTIVAL.

The dessert sometimes gets used as a signifier of Canadianness in the same lazy way as ancient CBC programs, where the truest Canadian is always Anglo. The butter tart seems oddly nebulous for a national dish, generic name and all. It lacks the symbolic silhouette of a muffin or a doughnut; imagine bagels divorced from their communal lore. When I was growing up in Toronto, the local bakery had its birthday cakes shaped like football fields, and my own family would sometimes travel kilometres for the ideal croissant, but we got

butter tarts six to a pack at the grocery store. I can't remember if they came with raisins or not. It didn't matter. The flavour never changed.

Lately, the eating-as-identity movement has helped popularize historic recipes that some Canadians have never before tried, rewritten to suit modern tastes. At the Toronto restaurant Boralia, for example, you can order bison bresaola, Red Fife bread, stuffed onions and pigeon pie.

But, as far as I could tell, butter tarts were still relegated to brittle containers from the supermarket, or maybe a little bakery near cottage country, if you were lucky. There were no menus promising "deconstructions" of the pastry. You can buy poutine-inspired kimchee fries in Toronto, but you can't find butter tarts filled with red bean paste or pulped plantains. So I was surprised to learn, through DeForge, that a number of bakers were tinkering with the familiar snack. In 2014, more than 50,000 butter tarts had been sold at that Midland festival.

CANADA'S FOOD HISTORY has always involved a tension between scarcity and abundance. The first humans who lived in this land were still young when megafauna creatures began to disappear with the glaciers. North America's indigenous peoples learned how to hunt other animals—hares and foxes and seals and caribou—but they also developed elaborate preservation techniques, realizing that one bison carcass might need to last a long time.

Between 1815 and 1855, a million people voyaged to British North America—often after reading travel accounts that exaggerated the colony's riches and leisure. Once their rations ran out, many settlers subsisted on dishes similar to the local First Nations diet: herbs, roots, bark and berries foraged in the woods, soups, game and fish. Under the new national identity colonizers had created, blueberries and wild rice always sat there waiting to be consumed by them, just like the continent itself. The Anishnaabeg and Haudenosaunee peoples first collected maple sap in birchbark containers to sweeten their food and later used kettles to boil it down, but maple syrup is, invariably, merely "Canadian."

In its cultural genocide of indigenous Canadians, our government tried to overturn their tables, as well; many treaties blocked access to traditional game and crops. A ruptured family has no recipes to pass down. In her dictated memoir from 1988, the Carrier leader Mary John, who was taken from her parents and sent to a residential school in 1920, recalled, "I was always hungry. I missed the roast moose, the dried beaver meat, the fish fresh from a frying pan, the warm bread and bannock and berries.... At school, it was porridge, porridge, porridge, and if it wasn't that, it was boiled barley



or beans, and thick slices of bread spread with lard."

It bears mentioning that nobody really seemed to like Canadian food. From 1886 to 1948, this was the only country that banned margarine entirely, an insecure attempt to guard our own pitiful dairy industry (the embargo relaxed, temporarily, during the First World War). During the 1870s, common butter from Quebec and Ontario sold for much less than American, French and Irish varieties. In *A Propensity to Protect*—definitely the most entertaining book about Victorian dairy policy—W. H. Heick writes that, aside from the best Eastern Townships product, Canadian butter "was considered in Britain as useless for anything other than to grease axles or smear sheep," the complaints including dubious cleanliness, "a lack of uniformity in colour, taste, texture, size and shape of package," and our use of coarse local salt rather than fine English stuff.

The earliest butter tart recipe was published in 1900 by the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Victoria Hospital, attributed to Mary MacLeod of Barrie, Ont., then as now the largest city in Simcoe County. Implying that the crust will always be secondary, it was simply called "filling for tarts." MacLeod mentioned raisins, but she didn't specify the type of sweetener. Few could afford sacks of cane sugar in the early 20th century, when all those proto-tarts were baked, so most cooks used maple sugar instead. You still see it in recipes today, as nostalgic homage. Our national dessert: a confection made of Canada's famously terrible butter and the sugar we owe to people the Europeans evicted.

> THE FILLING WAS OVERWHELMING, A SUMPTUOUS RICHNESS TURNING BITTER AT THE EDGES.

Butter tarts are strangely modest in their excess, a two-dollar decadence. They don't have frescoes of icing, or decorative cherries, or a macaron's need to be fussed over. They wouldn't want to make a spectacle of themselves. Like that Canadian myth of innocent blandness, the tart's surface hides something much more complex.

AT THE MIDLAND festival, the sweets had a more literal complexity. One person offered a "butter tart pizza" (massive, with a wilting crust made from pizza dough). There was also a deep-fried variation and a natural-cosmetics shop selling butter tart–flavoured exfoliant and body polish. Attendees liked the more traditional recipes, too: Doo Doo's Bakery from Bailieboro, Ont., the champion in last

year's professional category, sold 200 dozen tarts in 90 minutes.

Our Toronto crew managed to reunite right before the home baker competition, at which point our sugar-induced madness was slackening into a sluggish tart dependency. The announcer introduced DeForge's many fellow judges, including Capt. Eric Conroy of the S.S. *Keewatin*, the world's last surviving Edwardian steamship, now a floating museum in neighbouring Port McNicoll. He walked onstage wearing a naval uniform and saluted. We limply reached out for their leftover tarts. One used Canadian icewine; another was based on Black Forest cake. The "freestyle" theme seemed to have inspired each baker to create the wildest recipe imaginable. When we were passed a tart with peanut butter, banana and bacon, somebody said, "I can't do this." It ended up winning the whole category.

I reached the triumphant baker, Japanese-born Hisako Niimi, by email. She told me that she had withdrawn from the joint management of her Ottawa-based bakery several months prior to stumbling upon the website for the Best Butter Tarts Festival and Contest in Midland and deciding to give it a try. "One of my flavours was Elvis Presley's favourite combination: peanut butter–banana–bacon," she said. "I wanted to make this flavour successful in Elvis's honour." She added, "Unfortunately, I have never had a family recipe for butter tarts, so I decided to create them to my taste instead of going the traditional way."

THE NEXT MORNING, we rode back to Toronto. The thing was, even after our return, I couldn't stop eating butter tarts. I went searching at Pusateri's, the city's upscale grocery store, a few days later. They carry a Bakerberry tart marbled black and white, Belgian chocolate infusing the cakey pastry, like a gourmet Creme Egg. I got a block away from the shop before tearing apart its little paper box. The filling was overwhelming, a sumptuous richness turning bitter at the edges. I thought it might linger on my lips forever. R

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BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

A Triscuit is the perfect combination of cracker and doormat.

@1CARPARADE



When he was nine, **Adam Bisby** survived being mauled by a cougar. More than three decades later, he's stalking the big cat in search of answers.

Tracking *the* Tracker

FROM *EXPLORE*



THE FIRST QUESTION is usually the same: "Do you have any scars?" Thankfully, the puncture wounds are gone, as is the primal terror and strange exhilaration I felt as the cougar sank its claws into my nine-year-old legs and back.

My 1982 mauling in Alberta's Waterton Lakes National Park is an unusual childhood anecdote, one I've recounted many times. It's such a good story, in fact, that for more than three decades it overshadowed my own nagging questions: Why was I attacked? Why was I spared? How was the animal caught? Why did it have to be destroyed?

To truly comprehend the assault, I would have to relive it somehow, ideally in the company of someone who could fill in the blanks.

WILDLIFE VIEWING generates hundreds of millions of dollars in British Columbia each year. Grizzly bears, killer whales, bald eagles, sockeye salmon—all of these creatures, and many more, can be spotted with a professional guide at your side.

Cougars, however, are another story. The province is home to more than 85 per cent of Canada's 7,000-odd cats, yet try as I might, I can't find a tour company or outfitter to show me one in the wild. Fact is, most people steer clear of them.

The feeling is mutual. Cougars are lethally anti-social. The territories of adult male toms can exceed 200 square kilometres, and they want it all to themselves. Toms typically fight to the death in contested territory and will even attack young kittens.

Eventually, I seize upon the idea of embedding myself with a conservation officer. B.C.'s COs shoot plenty of cougars—99 in 2014 alone—but they do it to protect people, livestock and pets. Trouble is, no journalist has gone on a real "cougar call" before. After several emails to the B.C. Ministry of Environment, a media relations staffer replies by phone. "Why do you want to do this, anyway?"

"Well," I reply, "I was mauled by a cougar when I was nine, and I'm looking for some answers about what happened to me." There's a pause on the line. Then, "Do you have any scars?"

Two months or so later, I'm sitting in Kevin Van Damme's truck.

THE ATTACK COULDN'T have lasted more than a few seconds, but by the time the big cat let go, Sydney had been mortally wounded.

The beloved dog of Gayle and Robert Fremlin was snatched by a cougar on April 2, 2014. According to Gayle, her husband heard a loud rustling in the underbrush near the edge of their rural property on Green Lake in central B.C. The rancher searched for the source of the commotion and saw the long, distinctive tail of a cougar. "It was making a sound in

(PREVIOUS SPREAD) MASTERFILE

its throat, like a purr," Gayle recalls, "and it was trying to drag Sydney under a barbed-wire fence."

Robert started shouting, then charged toward the animals. Cougars are known for their unyielding jaws, but the noisy frontal assault worked—the cat dropped Sydney and vanished into the night. The cougar's presence, combined with the dog's death the next day, prompted a call to the conservation office in Kamloops, a two-hour drive south.



WHEN THE COUGAR JABBED ITS CLAWS INTO MY BACK AND MY LEFT LEG, I SHRIEKED AS LOUDLY AS I EVER HAD.

"Your husband did a brave thing," Van Damme tells Gayle, standing on the Fremlins' back porch. "Being the aggressor is what got the cougar to move away."

But how far had the big cat gone? The side arm–toting, body armour–clad COs follow bloody paw prints through slush-filled forests to the far side of a nearby road, where the tracks disappear into a dark thicket. The spring sun is burning off the scent and more than 40 hours have passed since the attack, so releasing the three tracking hounds from Van Damme's pickup isn't a viable option. It would have been a different story had there been more sightings or maulings, but as Van Damme explains, "A cougar that's desperate and needs a dog for food would never release. If we felt this cougar was a real risk, we'd track it for as long as it takes to catch it. But by the looks of it, it's long gone."

MY RECOLLECTION OF my own encounter remains vivid. Our party of seven was spread out along Waterton's Bertha Lake trail on the sunny morning of August 20, 1982. My dad, brother and two cousins were leading the way, and my mother and sister were bringing up the rear. I was hiking alone in the middle, with approximately 20 metres separating me from each group.

Partway up a gentle rise, cries erupted behind me: "Adam, look out!"

For a moment I mistook the golden animal for a Labrador retriever, but then shouts of "Cougar!" set me horribly straight. Barely an arm's length from my incredulous eyes, it bared its fangs and emitted the distinctive snarl that, until then, I'd only heard in car commercials.

"Yell at it! Scream at it!" Not that I needed coaching. When the cougar reared up and jabbed one set of claws into my back and the other into my left leg, I shrieked as loudly as I ever had.



"The dogs are very experienced and know to keep their distance if the cougar is grounded," says Van Damme. But in this case, they had chased the big cat up a tree.

The cat withdrew and looked me up and down. Then it lunged again, this time reversing its grip as it tried to pull me to the ground. I screamed and kicked its exposed belly, causing it to retreat and tilt its head quizzically.

Thanks to one of my cousins and to my father, the attack ended there. David charged down the hill, waving a piece of deadfall and screaming maniacally. Dad was close behind. The animal's eyes widened, and just before I collapsed, it darted into the surrounding foliage.

The next thing I knew, I was in my father's arms. Red rivulets covered my bare legs, and I could feel my tattered Muppets T-shirt sticking to my bleeding back. We made it to the one-room Waterton Medical Clinic in a matter of minutes—Dad says he had never run so fast—and after being assessed, bandaged and poked with various needles, I was discharged.

Park wardens weren't taking any chances. My attacker, a healthy adolescent tom, had already been spotted regularly in and around the town and had approached hikers several times. Two days later, it was shot dead.

IN OUR FIVE DAYS together, Van Damme never once asks about my attack. He has seen and heard it all, I suppose, over more than two decades. Each year, there are thousands of reported human-cougar conflicts in B.C. alone. As if to justify my presence, I'm

KEVIN VAN N DAMME

compelled to outline my experience a few minutes into the short drive from Kamloops to Harper Ranch.

We're answering a call from Chad Evenson, who has lost three newborn calves to what he feels certain is a cougar. As we near the ranch, Van Damme explains cougar dispersal, which is at the root of many cattle conflicts. When young cats leave their mothers, typically between one and two years of age, they set out to establish their own territories. This is when they are most likely to tangle with people and their properties.

"So the cougar that attacked me was probably dispersing?" I ask.

"There's a good chance," Van Damme replies.

The way I was attacked was typical of how young cougars approach new prey. Then there's "learned behaviour."

"If a cougar learns that dogs represent a viable food source, it will keep killing dogs," Van Damme says. "If it successfully hunts sheep, it will keep hunting sheep until all the sheep in its territory are dead. And if it gets comfortable around people—or worse, if it attacks someone—it can create a dangerous situation that will only get worse."

Most cougars can't be relocated because they will perish trying to return to their territories, he continues. "Research shows that they'll starve to death or get killed by another cougar. It's not humane to move them."

We roll into Harper Ranch, and it soon becomes clear that coyotes killed Evenson's calves. "Sorry I couldn't supply you with a cougar," Evenson jokes. If only it were that easy.

My days with Van Damme generate drama, tragedy and carnage—not to mention innumerable insights into cougar behaviour and conflict management—but they don't yield an actual cat.

> ROBERT FRASER FIRED HIS RIFLE, BUT IT WAS TOO DARK TO KNOW IF OR WHERE THE BULLET HAD MADE CONTACT WITH THE CAT.

I'd just visited the region of the world with the largest cougar population, alongside one of the most experienced cougar trackers on Earth, at the beginning of the time of year when he fields the most cougar calls, yet I still hadn't seen one in the wild.

EIGHT MONTHS LATER, I find myself on assignment at the Sun Peaks ski area north of Kamloops, 4,000 kilometres from my home in Toronto. I've alerted the enduringly accommodating Van Damme to my presence and am just about to hit the slopes when I hear my cellphone



Van Damme with one of his faithful tracking hounds, Bella.

buzz: "Just got a call re: cougar," the email reads. "I'm heading out now. Are you in town yet?"

I dial Van Damme's mobile, but to no avail. "He might be out of cell range or in the field," an office administrator at the Kamloops conservation office offers after failing to reach him by CB radio.

A few minutes later, Van Damme calls back: "The cougar's been shot."

I can't believe my bad luck.

"I've got the animal in the back of my truck," he adds. "Why don't you meet me there?"

There, it turns out, is a hobby farm about 30 kilometres north of Sun Peaks. Six nights earlier, a tom killed a ewe in a pen next to the home of Debbie and Robert Fraser. The noise roused the owners, who were horrified to see blood and cougar tracks leading into the woods. Robert fired his rifle the minute he thought he saw the cat, but it was too dark to know if or where the bullet had made contact. Robert hoped the cougar had died from its injuries, but five nights later the cat came back. That's when the COs were called in.

"Learned behaviour is so strong that this cat sustained a bullet wound yet still returned," Van Damme says. "I've seen these animals kill 40 sheep in one night. People wonder, Why do they do that? They do it because they're honing their senses and getting better at what they do. Their intent isn't to eat 40 sheep."

We start by examining a mangled sheep carcass. Then we follow a single set of tracks—the cats often retrace their steps precisely, Van Damme explains—to a fir near the barbed-wire fence surrounding the pasture. This was where the cougar quietly made the assessments that led to the attacks.

We backtrack toward the carcass and follow a chaotic trail of cougar and hound prints, blood and sheep parts, up the steep mountainside bordering the ranch. The slog through knee-deep snow is exhausting, and I can only imagine what it was like for Van Damme and fellow CO Warren Chayer, who more or less sprinted up the slope.

ADAM BISBY

About 500 metres up, Van Damme pauses on a rocky outcrop. It was here, he explains, that he heard the distinctive baying of hounds that had treed a cat.

The tom was indeed "bayed up" in a tall fir on a cliff's edge. Standing atop the snowy precipice, Van Damme recounts how, with a single rifle shot, he knocked the cat from its perch, five metres up. It tumbled over the cliff, forcing the COs to climb down to confirm their kill. Then the cougar's body was tied to a leash and dragged back to Van Damme's pickup.

We trudge down the mountainside, and the CO flips open the tailgate. There, wedged into a steel compartment, is the tom.

It doesn't look especially fearsome at first. Then Van Damme exposes the jagged yellow fangs and pushes on a thumb-sized toe to reveal a retractable claw. "There's quite a bit of fraying here, so it was having some challenges," he adds. This could partly explain why, after ruling the surrounding valley for most of its six-year lifespan, this cat suddenly started hunting sheep.

"People think we're hurting the local cougar population, but it may have the opposite effect," Van Damme says. "Its territory is now vacant, so the chances of kitten survival are now much greater."

The air is thick with the odour of wet fur as I rub the velvety ears, tousle the coarse coat and test the sharpness of the fangs with my fingertips. Then I reach for my camera.

Van Damme quickly intercedes. "Sorry," he says. "No pictures of the dead animals."

I'm taken aback. "But what about the sheep?"

"That animal died naturally. A sheep is natural prey for a cougar. But we intervened."

That's when I know my journey is over. The cougar wasn't killed for doing anything wrong, but for doing what it does. It can't be faulted for its actions any more than a young boy can be faulted for trekking up the wrong mountain trail at the wrong time. R

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* * *

FRIENDS WITH KIDS

Adults are just obsolete children, and the hell with them.

THEODOR GEISEL, A.K.A. DR. SEUSS

As Kids See It

DOMESTIC BLISS



"You look great! What are you doing?"

"Oh, thanks! I'm on this new diet where, whenever I try to eat something, a child screams at me until I stop."

"No, my mom totally said, 'You guys should go upstairs and paint your nails on your new bedspread.'"





It was obvious the Fergusons didn't know how video games worked, but they seemed happy enough playing Microsoft Word.

From *Parenting Is Easy* by Sara Given (Workman)

WHEN MY MIDDLE DAUGHTER was about nine, she came home from school one day, spitting mad. When I asked her what was wrong, she angrily replied, "Why did you name me Robin when you know I can't say my R's?" **KAREN FOURNIER,** *Mission, B.C.*

A RECENT EXCHANGE about gratitude with my three-year-old son:
MICAH: I don't want books for my birthday. Grandma always brings me books.
ME (seizing a teachable moment): Sounds like you are taking books for granted. I feel so lucky to have books. Some people don't have books, or a place to live or enough food to eat.
MICAH (after a long pause): Why do you feel lucky if people don't have things? **CHARLENE WISEMAN,** *Toronto*

AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: Why can't you tell a joke while standing on ice?
A: Because it might crack up!

grandparents.com

Do your children make you chuckle? A funny kid story could earn you $50. See page 9 for details.



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At the height of his career, Kennedy, an instructor, was shearing up to 6,000 sheep annually.

Getting schooled in an age-old craft

SHEAR GENIUS

BY RAY FORD FROM *SMALL FARM CANADA*

BY THE SECOND DAY of shearing school, the ache sets into your bones. Elbows ache from wrestling recalcitrant ewes. Sweat spatters the shears. Middle-aged backs feel as if they've been double-shifted through an old-timers' hockey tournament. And then, in the midst of the aches and pains and muttered curses, there's a moment when the shears seem to glide. The fleece unfurls in soft white swaths that pile up like snow. Maybe, you think to yourself, you can learn this after all.

True proficiency is still a long way off—probably years and thousands of sheep down the road. Even then, you never really master a craft that demands continual improvement. "I started shearing when I was 33. I didn't learn until I was 43," says our chief instructor, Peter Kudelka. A more realistic goal for the seven students at this introductory course is near-competence, the kind that leaves sheep, shearer and fleece intact when the clippers are switched off.

Shearing might not qualify as fun for most folks, but the students at this class on Dean and Ellen Cottrell's farm near Alliston, Ont., are willing to give it a try. Some of us, myself included, have our own farms. Our enthusiasm is welcomed by Kudelka and fellow instructor Doug Kennedy. "A lot of us shearers are getting long in the tooth," says 68-year-old Kudelka.

Kennedy—now 76 and fitted with a new heart valve and two titanium knee joints—used to shear up to 6,000 sheep a year on top of teaching the craft and running a small farm. "The demand is out there," he tells the class. There are fewer skilled shearers working these days: "Old guys like me who were shearing large numbers aren't anymore."

DESPITE ITS HOMESPUN reputation, wool is a complex product, often going through many hands (and sometimes several continents) on the journey from sheep to sweater, sock or suit. Scientists have developed shearing robots, as well as injections that make sheep shed wool, and breeders promote "hair sheep" that naturally slough off their coats. But the sweat-drenched shearer remains the pivotal figure in an industry that harvests just over one million kilograms of wool in Canada, with a farm-gate value of about $1 million.

At the same time, no one knows exactly how many shearers are active these days. The Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers Limited (CCWG), the country's main wool marketer, lists close to 90 in its directory. Kudelka suspects many of those are easing into semi-retirement.

A barrier to recruiting new shearers is the job's part-time and seasonal nature. With average earnings of $3 to $7 per head—depending on flock size, travel and facilities—only a handful make shearing a full-time gig. The rest shear for supplementary income or spend part of the year working on farms in the United States or overseas.

"The problem for Canadian shearers has always been small flocks, big distances," says CCWG general manager Eric Bjergso.

In New Zealand, where nearly 30 million sheep are packed onto close to 260,000 square kilometres, shearers work in gangs, clipping hundreds of animals day after day. But because

Canada has around a million sheep scattered across almost 10 million square kilometres, our shearers spend more time on the road, deal with smaller flocks and often work in barns without the catch pens and handling systems that save backs. Farmers tend to want shearers in a few peak times, typically during mild weather. As a result, shearers complain there's not enough work to make the job a full-time trade, while farmers grouse they can't get shearers when they want them.

Another big factor is the meagre return for wool. Kennedy remembers his dad selling to a local mill in the late 1940s for a dollar per half kilogram—real money, considering a township snowplow operator at the time earned 85 cents an hour. These days, the same sort of wool receives 60 to 70 cents per half kilogram. Even the best stuff comes in around $2.

With most wool exported to textile mills in China, the U.S. and India, "there's no forecast for a big uptick in prices," says Bjergso. "Our commodity is sensitive to global economic conditions, and there's so much competition from other fibres. If wool prices go up, [textile makers] reduce the amount of wool in the blend."

There's consolation in the growing number of home-based knitters, weavers and spinners flocking to events such as the annual Woodstock Fleece Festival in Ontario. "A lot of our crowd is younger, in their 20s to 40s, and supercreative," says coordinator Catherine Stark. "People want to know where their food is coming from. They want to know where their clothing is from, too."



Kennedy preparing to start shearing using the "Bowen technique."

WHILE IT'S POSSIBLE to learn how to shear on your own, experts recommend students find a knowledgeable shearer or take a course, in part to ensure the welfare of the sheep. Some techniques go back decades. New Zealanders Ivan and Godfrey Bowen were shearers during the Second World War. To ease the job, the Bowens rethought traditional approaches. They held most of the

(ALL PHOTOS) RAY FORD

sheep's weight with their legs, using a free hand to pull the skin tight for fewer nicks. They found shortcuts to reduce the number of "blows," or strokes of the shears. In the process, the "Bowen technique" became the backbone of modern shearing.

After his father's death in 1960, Kennedy inherited 125 ewes in need of shearing. He developed his own style, switching the shears from one hand to the other midway through each animal. "The first sheep took two hours. I didn't know there was a right way or a wrong way to shear." For every Kennedy, there must be a dozen farmers who try and give up.

> BY THE FIFTH EWE, I'VE HIT THE ZONE: THE SHEARING BLOWS COME RHYTHMICALLY, AND THE SHEEP STAYS CALM.

DURING THE practical part of Kudelka's course, students work three at a time, each under the supervision of an instructor. Nearby, a collection of the Cottrells' animals clusters in a pen behind a swinging, saloon-style gate.

The effort begins with selecting a sheep and backing it onto the platform. With one hand on the jaw and the other holding the animal's hip against your knee, you drop your knee back and turn the head around. The animal falls bum-first onto the ground. In a second, the sheep is sitting, four legs dangling uselessly, head lolling to one side, and the cutters whir into action.

As the blades disappear into the wool, you can't help but fret about slicing the sheep. Most cuts are shallow and heal quickly; experienced shearers carry first aid kits, with spray-on disinfectant and even sutures for more severe gashes. Still, the natural inclination is to pull away from the skin, leading to another common error, the "double cut." First, you leave two and a half to five centimetres of wool on the sheep's back. Then you go back to finish the job, slicing the wool into short strands, rather than the long fibres textile makers want.

Shearing gets easier as you do more of it, but it's still a tough job, mentally and physically. An Australian study reckons a typical shearer handling 150 sheep a day wrestles with nine tonnes of wool and mutton. Wear and tear on the backs of professional sheep shearers is "off the charts, so much higher than anything else we've ever looked at," says Diane Gregory, a kinesiology and health sciences professor at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont., who's used video equipment to record and

study the movements of shearers and baristas on the job.

Herniated discs and sciatic pain are common problems. Avoiding back injury is one reason Kudelka stresses technique over speed. Competitive shearers have been known to fleece an animal in around 40 seconds. Kudelka's working pace is 10 to 14 sheep an hour. By contrast, the students average about seven sheep a day. Even so, the Cottrells' shed is filled with constant noise and motion. Shears clatter. Sheep struggle and thump. Instructors dish out tips and encouragement.

The Cottrells' border collie looks in and then saunters off, disappointed that there's no herding to be done.

BY EWE NO. 6 or 7 on my first day, my brain is getting foggy, despite Kudelka's coaching.

"Move your right foot," he says.

I shift my left.

"Your *right*. Your *other* right."

On Day 2, things seem easier. The method is more familiar, the shears run more smoothly. When the "long blow" comes, peeling wool off the ewe's back "from breezer to sneezer," it's exhilarating. I feel like a kid learning to skate or working on a slapshot, revelling in something that once seemed impossible.

Back home on my farm in northern Ontario, I buy a good used set of shears. I've owned a flock of sheep for almost 20 years, and for much of that time, I've hired a shearer. Now I feel ready to give it a try myself. On the last pleasant days of autumn, I begin. By the fifth ewe, I've hit the zone: the blows come smoothly and rhythmically, and the ewe stays calm. The job is done in about five minutes.

"You've all been through it once; now you just have to keep doing it until it becomes second nature to you," Kudelka told us at the close of the course, in a sort of benediction. "Go home and chew away at your own flock.

"When you learn the pattern and you drop into the Zen, it's like meditation," he added. "You'll just roll." R

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WORKER'S BENEFITS

What do you think the employee discount is at the dollar store? Do you think it's "Just take it"?

PETE HOLMES, comedian

How soccer gave a homeless man hope

Net Worth

BY ED KIWANUKA-QUINLAN
FROM *TORONTO LIFE*
ILLUSTRATION BY JEANNIE PHAN

SOME OF MY EARLIEST MEMORIES involve kicking a soccer ball in front of my parents' house in central Uganda. We lived in a village called Masooli, where my family owned a small plot of land and grew vegetables. Soccer was a way for me to escape the violence, poverty and civil unrest that surrounded me. I was the youngest of 12 kids, which meant I had a built-in team. We used to make our own balls, wrapping dried banana leaves in banana fibres until they were round enough to kick. None of us had shoes, so we played barefoot. I don't have many toenails left.



I MOVED TO Canada in 1990 to get a better education and before long met the woman who would become my wife. After I graduated from the DeVry Institute of Technology, I got a job in quality control at a car factory in Brampton, Ont. My wife and I bought a beautiful house, and within a few years, we had a daughter, whom I loved more than I'd ever thought possible.

I had always been particularly close with my mother, and we stayed in contact when I'd left Uganda, chatting on the phone each month. In 2001, after I'd been here for a decade, she died of old age. The news shattered me, unleashing memories of the trauma I'd seen back home. I grew depressed and lethargic. I felt like there was nobody for me to confide in, no one who could talk me out of my funk. It reached the point where whenever I saw someone smile, I would get mad. I cried all the time.

I also started hearing my mother's voice. "Come home," she'd say. I believed she meant heaven. One day, I decided to take her advice. I was driving my truck on Highway 410 and pulled up at an overpass. I exited the car and stood at the rail, preparing to jump. When a passing driver started honking at me, I was suddenly jolted back to reality.

Over the next few months, my mental state deteriorated further. My wife moved out with our daughter; she said she was tired of my moods. In the days after she left, I holed up in our house, plagued by hallucinations. I heard voices and drums. Every time I opened my eyes, I would see people laughing and pointing at me. At one point, I didn't sleep for four days. Eventually, I blacked out and woke up surrounded by bright lights. I thought, Oh, God, I made it to heaven. It turned out to be the psych ward at the Brampton Civic Hospital. I was told I had emailed a suicide note to my family and swallowed a handful of sleeping pills.

> WHEN I MADE A GOOD PASS, MY TEAMMATES WOULD PRAISE ME. WHEN I SAVED A GOAL, THEY'D PAT ME ON THE BACK.

I was hospitalized for 30 days. Once released, I worked for a few months but couldn't concentrate. I hated being in my house—I felt haunted by the happy memories. So I went back to Uganda, where I could be near my mother's grave, and I started working with Ugandan street kids. I saw myself in them, but I also realized I'd had opportunities that they'd never have. Gradually, I began to ask myself, What

are you doing? Why would you try to end a life that had so much good in it?

I RETURNED TO Canada in 2011. When I landed, I had nothing. I didn't know where my daughter and ex-wife were. Our house had been sold. For a few months, I couch surfed with friends before I used up all my favours and ended up crashing at a Salvation Army shelter in Brampton. On my second day there, I was eating lunch alone in the cafeteria, trying to figure out what to do next, when a man came up to me and introduced himself. "I'm Paul," he said. "Want to come out and kick a soccer ball?" I didn't have the right shoes or shorts, I argued, but Paul persisted. I eventually agreed and joined him and six other guys in the parking lot. I couldn't believe how out of shape I was. After a few hours, I was sore but elated.

It turned out Paul was a member of a non-profit called Street Soccer Canada, which recruits homeless and marginalized players and provides them with a social network. The guys told me they played on Wednesdays and Fridays and that I should join them. Soon I was the regular goalie. The endorphins helped my mood, but I was just as energized by the people around me. When I made a good pass, they'd praise me. When I saved a goal, they'd pat me on the back.

The Street Soccer folks changed my life. They helped me find an apartment, which I shared with another player. The Salvation Army also hired me as a laundry worker. Within a year, I became a manager at Street Soccer Canada. They even helped me repair my relationship with my daughter. Paul supported me throughout my petitions to the court for more visitation. She's 15 now. I see her as often as possible, and we text regularly.

I'm still playing soccer every week with the guys. In 2012, I was selected to participate in the Homeless World Cup in Mexico City and to carry the Canadian flag at the opening ceremonies. I scored the first goal in Canada's game against Wales, and throughout those two weeks, my teammates called me Mr. Motivator. I'd sweep up everyone I met in a big bear hug. Refs, organizers, opponents, spectators—no one was safe. At the end of the tournament, I was named MVP of my team.

THIS PAST SEPTEMBER, I returned to Uganda to attend a ceremony for the elders of my clan, the Mambas of the Ganda tribe. One of the first things I did upon my arrival? Pull out the banana-fibre ball and kick it around with my cousins and neighbours. R

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For one Cuba-bound traveller, age really is just a number

HAVANA AT 96

BY HÉLÈNE DE BILLY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIE-JOSÉ CHAGNON



"To think that two years ago I didn't want to live and today I'm walking in Cuba," muses Francine van der Heide, who has recovered from a severe spinal issue.

IT'S 6 A.M. and I'm at the Montreal airport with my friend Francine, having just checked our two suitcases and an upscale foldable walker my travel companion refers to as her Rolls-Royce.

Francine is wearing an elegant trench coat and, since credit cards aren't yet accepted at our destination, a moneybelt into which she has slipped a large wad of bills. It's the first time she's carried so much cash, she says. But isn't there always a first time for everything?

Francine van der Heide is 96 years old. I met her three decades ago in New York, where she had a *pied-à-terre* near the East River, a few blocks from the apartment of her former colleague, my late aunt Françoise. The two women had been pioneers at the United Nations. My aunt started as a bilingual secretary in 1948, Francine in 1949. In 1951, Francine married Wiebe van der Heide, who had been a member of the resistance in the Netherlands during the Nazi occupation before settling in the United States after the war. They had three boys. Two years after Wiebe died in 1995, and after nearly half a century living in America, Francine returned to her hometown, Montreal.

It was around this time that we started hanging out together, going to the opera and having long meals in restaurants. And because Francine continued to swim into her 90s, our activities also included sessions at an indoor pool, inevitably followed by a sauna and a margarita (she mixes a wicked cocktail). Today, she has given up the front crawl, but when, during an especially harsh winter, I proposed we spend a week in Havana, she didn't hesitate: "That would be wonderful."

> WITH U.S.–CUBA RELATIONS THAWING, FRANCINE KNEW SHE WAS WITNESSING A HISTORIC MOMENT.

FRANCINE WANTS to travel across Old Havana in a *bicitaxi*, a pedal-powered cab. Safety features begin and end with a metal bar, to which we firmly cling. I have some doubts, but with Francine—who is 35 years my senior—gently mocking my apprehension, I decide to embrace local life.

We weave between fruit stands and DVD displays and pass children squabbling over timeless toys, like a hula hoop and a ball. "It makes me happy to see young people having fun like the old days," says Francine.

A big Chevrolet glides by. The cobalt-coloured car is vintage 1950s, and its appearance triggers fond memories. Francine reminisces





(Left) **Bicitaxis** *were formerly used exclusively by locals; (right) the Capitol building.*

about summertime in Montreal in 1948, a time when the now hip Plateau Mont-Royal was a working-class district. "Nobody had air conditioners then," she recalls. "It's just like that here now, people lingering in the doorways of their homes to escape the heat."

The *bicitaxi* drops us in front of stands of second-hand books in Plaza de Armas, which was the political centre of the colony when the Spanish ruled from the 16th to 19th centuries. "Do you notice all the blue?" she asks of the balconies adorning the square. Knowing her vision is limited, I'm always amazed when she makes these kinds of observations. Probably reading my thoughts, she adds, "And I cannot believe how clean the city is. There's no paper littering the ground, no plastic bags caught on tree branches like back home." I hadn't noticed, but she was right.

FOR MORE THAN 20 years, Francine has suffered from macular degeneration, a disease that causes gradual vision loss. To compensate, she makes a point of researching all outings thoroughly. In preparation for this trip, she perused several travel guides, using a magnifying glass to read small print. With U.S.–Cuba relations thawing, Francine knew she was witnessing a historic moment.

Francine has a fondness for the left, which is one reason why she feels a kinship with Lucía Sardiña. At 76, the employee of the Cuban Ministry of Culture is from the

generation that fought alongside Fidel Castro in the 1950s. She is what one would call a keeper of the revolutionary faith.

In her chauffeur-driven Lada, Sardiña takes us to visit a cultural centre created by Kcho, one of the island's most internationally recognized contemporary artists. This modern space, so different from the dusty state museums, is populated by young people toting laptops and phones. Most Cubans don't have access to the Internet due to the prohibitive cost and the island's poor connectivity. Kcho's workshop, which is open to the public, may be the only place in Havana where wi-fi is free—even if it's a little slow.

The previous day, a guided architecture tour had introduced us to a selection of contemporary Cuban buildings at the National Schools of Art, dating from the 1960s. In 30-degree heat, under the institution's acclaimed brick-and-tile cupolas, Francine pondered the island's cultural legacy. Looking at the student artwork around us, she observed, "It's stunning, in a country so poor, that all these young people are interested in creating art and are able to make a life."

FRANCINE HERSELF INSPIRES a certain amount of jubilant incredulity when people learn of her age. At the Cristóbal Colón cemetery, 23 hectares containing ornate mausoleums, the ticket agent exits her booth to greet us and grants Francine free access to the site. When our guide finds out Francine was born near the beginning of the previous century, he not only welcomes her, he kisses her. Then he offers to tell us all about the characters, love stories and tragedies behind the cemetery's plaster and marble angels.

"WHEN OUR GUIDE FINDS OUT FRANCINE WAS BORN NEAR THE BEGINNING OF THE PREVIOUS CENTURY, HE KISSES HER.

Though her vitality belies her years, Francine is not immune to the physical effects of aging. In 2013, she was experiencing excruciating back pain, especially when she first awoke. Doctors diagnosed her with lumbar spinal stenosis, a narrowing of the spinal canal that can put pressure on the spinal cord and nerves. Francine suffered. She pleaded for an operation but was deemed too old. Then someone suggested she perform 20 minutes of exercises in bed each morning. Gradually, she recovered. During our stay in Havana, she would lie on the terrazzo floor of her room to do her stretching (her bed is too narrow). "To think that two

years ago I didn't want to live and today I'm walking in Cuba," she muses.

At Nazdarovie!, a Soviet restaurant on the Malecón, Francine climbs three flights of stairs in one go. The staff is impressed. "We have people in their 20s who grumble about coming up this far. Can we adopt you as our mascot?"

Francine is stimulated by the challenges we encounter during our stay; compliments encourage her. "I wouldn't like to disappoint you," she had told me shortly before we arrived in Cuba. Our journey is unconventional and unscripted. Apart from a few organized tours, it's never clear where we are heading. We learn to be adaptable, which, for my friend, means having to kneel in the shower to wash her hair to avoid slipping on the tiles.

One day, we climb into a taxi with a woman behind the wheel. Thinking the fare is too high, I try to haggle, but our driver won't budge. Francine defends her. "It's hard enough for us to make it in a man's world," she observes. "Even in New York, few women drive taxis."

Throughout the trip, I'm impressed by Francine's physical stamina, but it's her openness that defines our experience. Her ability to relate to others even extends to plant life. Contemplating a pair of palm trees in the courtyard of the Museo de Arte Colonial, she extols their beauty. "They are 150 years old, and see how straight they are!" R

TRAVEL TIPS FOR SENIORS

GET THE RIGHT SUPPORT

Most airlines transport wheelchairs or other mobility aids free of charge. Depending on the disability or impairment, personalized assistance can also be provided, including a wheelchair ride to the aircraft. Attendants will assist with boarding and help you settle in your seat.

FIND YOUR SPEED

It's important to take a break when the need arises. In Havana, Francine enjoyed refuge in the lobby of the Hotel Parque Central. Resting against cushions in "one of the best armchairs" in the city, she spent the afternoon listening to an audiobook.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK

On board a bus during an architecture tour, Francine couldn't properly hear our guide, whose voice was drowned out by ambient noise. She kindly requested that he come closer, and he happily obliged.

STAY IN MOTION

According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, even people who engage in moderate amounts of exercise are likely to live longer. Those who, like Francine, are active for at least 150 minutes a week have a 31 per cent lower mortality rate.





The author's father (and great-great-grandfather) at residential school; Kinew, with his father and sister, at the Vatican in 2012.

Throughout his childhood, **Wab Kinew**'s relationship with his father was marred by tension and strife. But as grown men, their shared First Nations heritage helped them repair the past.

The Strength to Heal

FROM *THE REASON YOU WALK*

THE HOT SAND WAS starting to burn my feet. The sun's radiance had burrowed deep into my skin, turning it a dark carmine-brown. My dried sweat left a thin layer of salt on my body. I could taste it as I licked my lips.

We had been dancing and fasting in this sun-dance circle since long before dawn.

Chiefs and headmen formed a procession and walked to the south side of the arbour, where I stood. They took my father's war bonnet from its perch and raised it toward the sky. Dozens of eagle feathers splayed around the headdress like a halo, each representing an act of valour, while intricate patterns of glass beads caught the light of the sun.

When they placed the war bonnet on my head, war whoops and ululations rose from those around the circle. They had made me a chief.

The sun-dance leader opened a small box and withdrew a treaty medallion. Placing it in my hands, he reminded me of the significance of the treaty relationship: the commitment to share the land with newcomers.

I nodded and thanked him, then turned my gaze to the earth. I was 22, and it had been two years since I'd last been here. I had strayed off the red road I had been taught to walk as a boy. I had discovered partying, drinking and fighting. I had hurt many people, including those closest to me.

As the son of a hereditary chief, I knew I would someday rise to this rank, but I'd assumed that day was far in the future. Perhaps it would arrive after I had achieved something great. Instead, it came when I was at one of the lowest ebbs of my life. My community, my family and my father, Tobasonakwut, responded by giving me a second chance.

All of this took place more than a decade ago. It was not the only time my father would pass something to me that I would commit to carrying into the future.

In the last year of his life, Ndede (the Ojibwe term for "my father") would go on a remarkable journey of hope, healing and eventually forgiveness.

More than any inheritance, more than any sacred item, more than any title, the legacy he left behind is this: during our time on Earth, we ought to love one another; and when our hearts are broken, we ought to work hard to make them whole again.

MY LIFE BEGAN IN the Lake of the Woods District Hospital, in Kenora, Ont., on the last morning of 1981. My mother, Kathi, had been wheeled into the operating room. The doctor made an incision and reached inside her womb. He pulled me out—all 10 pounds 11 ounces of dark-brown

(FEATHER ON PAGE 104) SHUTTERSTOCK; (ALL OTHER PHOTOS) COURTESY OF THE KINEW FAMILY

me—from my blond-haired, blue-eyed mom. A nurse gasped in surprise. My mom laughed at the nurse as I was passed to my aunt, who held me and welcomed me.

When I got to be a little older, Ndede would bundle me up, set me on a small wooden sled and pull me for hours over the frozen surface of Lake of the Woods. He would check on me now and then as we spent time on the same land our ancestors had inhabited and passed to us.

I RAN AWAY FROM Ndede, who was screaming at me. I forget what I had done—all I remember is that I was being chased across our living room. I scrambled under the table for cover as he berated me, spittle shooting from his mouth.

Scenes like that were pretty normal. When I did something wrong, I was yelled at for being stupid. When I got hurt and cried, I was yelled at for being weak. When I sat inside for too long, I was yelled at for being lazy.

Ndede had wrestled alcoholism into submission, but still an illness remained—anger, the result of years spent in a residential school where the goal was to "kill the Indian in the child." And Ndede's anger didn't live far from the surface anymore.

In fact, it only seemed to grow. Every time he yelled at me, it only served to make me angry, and I learned to bury that anger inside me, just as he had once done.

WHEN I WAS OLD enough to begin attending school, we moved west to Winnipeg, which offered access to an education superior to that at the reserve in Onigaming.

> WHEN WE CAME TO THE CITY, *PROUD* BECAME *DIRTY*, *FUNNY* BECAME *DUMB*, AND *HARD-WORKING* BECAME *LAZY*.

Things were different in the city. For one thing, I turned out to be the only Anishinaabe kid around. My parents encouraged me to share my culture with my classmates, so I would get into my traditional dancer's regalia, break out the boom box and put on powwow demonstrations.

Having progressive parents didn't protect me from racism. I saw its face at school and at the hockey rink. "Indians are stupid" and "dirty Indian" are some of the phrases that stand

out. Part of the reason I hate the word "Indian" so much is because when I was growing up, I never heard it used without an ugly adjective before it. *Dumb. Drunk. Dirty.*

The Anishinaabe people I grew up with in Onigaming were none of these things. We were proud, funny, hard-working people. Somehow, when we came to the city, that language was translated: *proud* became *dirty*, *funny* became *dumb*, and *hard-working* became *lazy*.

When I got home, my mom and dad were waiting for me. They told me there had been a call from school and that I was in trouble. My dad asked if I had told the teacher he would beat her up on my behalf. I said yes. He looked away in disgust.

"I'm not going to fight anyone for you," he shouted. He said he would let her beat me up, as if we were talking about another kid on the playground and not a teacher who had physically abused me.



I WAS AN ANGRY YOUNG MAN. THE ONLY AVENUES I PROVED MYSELF IN WERE DRINKING CONTESTS AND FIGHTS.

These are the sorts of things I heard from friends, coaches and teachers—people I considered to be on my side. The things I heard and endured from people who were not my friends were worse.

In Grade 5, a teacher choked me in class after I talked back to her. I can still feel her fat fingers constricting my neck. I struggled for a second. She tightened her grip. I stopped struggling.

"Are you done?" she asked. Then she whispered a slur into my ear.

"My dad is going to kick your ass," I told her.

IN MAY OF 2003, I made my way across a stage at the University of Manitoba. I shook hands with the university president and walked off clutching my parchment.

I was also honoured, along with the dozens of other indigenous grads, at the U of M's convocation powwow. When they read my name out, Ndede emerged from the stands. We approached each other, readying for a handshake, then hesitated in an awkward half-hug manoeuvre before finally settling for a combination handshake and pat on the shoulder. Singers beat the drums in celebration,



A 21-year-old Kinew and his mother at his graduation from the University of Manitoba, where he received a bachelor's degree in economics.

and the audience applauded, as they had for each graduate. My dad and I returned to our seats.

As I rejoined the drum group, one of my friends leaned over and said, "It looks like you're embarrassed to hug your dad."

"Nah," I replied. What I didn't say was that we had never hugged.

I HAD ASSUMED A bachelor's degree meant jobs would start coming my way. That wasn't the case.

I managed to get contract work doing research on First Nations economic development, but those gigs were few, so I started doing casual labour. In the evenings and on weekends, I focused on music and the local hip-hop scene, in which I'd been involved since my teens. My small successes went to my head, and I decided I deserved to party with other rappers whenever I felt like it.

Growing up, I had been raised to see myself as a warrior and to prove

myself as one. But I was also an angry young man, imitating the male role model I had grown up with. The only avenues I proved myself in were drinking contests and street fights.

Usually, the fights were settled fair and square. A few times, things turned into brawls that spread beyond me. After one particularly bad incident, I woke up in a holding cell. I couldn't remember why I had been fighting, but it had cost me my freedom. I began to cry.

When I spoke with my lawyer, he explained that if I had another run-in with the law, I would likely do real time.

After a few days, I made my bail application. Ndede spoke on my behalf. He said he would take me to the sun dance and see that I join Alcoholics Anonymous, the same program that had helped him stay sober. The judge asked what would happen if I kept drinking or ran away.

"Then I would turn him in," Ndede replied.

I was set free under the condition that I abstain from alcohol and live with my parents under house arrest, leaving only to attend AA meetings and ceremonies. I began the process of putting my life back on track.

IN 2005, I WAS trying hard to lead a productive existence. I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* about Canada's Olympic hockey team, of all things, and it was published. A producer from CBC Radio's local morning show called a few weeks later, wanting me to turn my letter into something for the program. Soon I was contributing ideas and was eventually offered a job as an associate producer. After building my skills on the radio side, I moved to TV reporting and, over the next few years, climbed the ranks of the local newsroom.

> MY SONS DID NOT THINK TWICE WHEN THEY SAW PROUD INDIGENOUS PEOPLE ON TELEVISION. TO THEM IT WAS NORMAL.

By January 2012, I had launched a documentary series called *8th Fire*. The show was a chance to tell a more complete truth about indigenous peoples in Canada. The impact of the series hit me one night in a hotel room on the way home from a vacation with my young sons. My two little Anishinaabe boys were

sprawled on the king-size bed when the latest episode of *8th Fire* came on. They watched a Mi'kmaq chief who brought his community from poverty to multinational business success in one generation. They met a young Kanienkehaka woman who teaches healthy attitudes about sexuality to young people.

My sons did not think twice as they absorbed these images of proud indigenous people on national television. To them it was normal. That was huge to me. All my life, I had seen indigenous people portrayed poorly in the media. It meant so much to watch my kids seeing people like them depicted as achievers.

The following Monday was a typical day at work. But after I finished my hit on the six o'clock news, I crossed the street to the University of Winnipeg. I was about to embark on something new.

When I turned a corner to enter the classroom, I was stunned. The space was filled with people, all of them waiting for me to teach them. This would be the first session of a free Anishinaabe language class for families, "Let's Speak Ojibwe to Our Kids."

In all, about 60 people squeezed into a classroom built for no more than 30. My sons were waiting for me with their grandparents.

Ndede saw I was nervous. "*Gego zegiziiken*," he said. "Don't be scared. Just go for it."

I nodded and took a deep breath.

We returned two nights a week for the rest of the winter to teach the language together.

> "I AM GOING TO ADOPT THE ARCHBISHOP." THE WORDS HUNG IN THE AIR AS MY FATHER AND I SAT UNDER THE PINE TREE.

EVERYTHING CHANGED IN February of that year, when Ndede received bad news. His pancreatic cancer, which had been treated with surgery and chemo, was worse than expected. Despite feeling well and assuming things were under control, he had just a few months to live.

Ndede did not tell me the prognosis initially, only that he had to have another round of chemo. Phrased that way, the news did not seem so grim at first. He's a fighter, I thought.

As a boy, I had been afraid of Ndede. He had always been angry. Now that I was an adult, he was the



In 2009, the author's father offered Pope Benedict XVI an eagle feather as a symbol of reconciliation; the Kinew family and former archbishop James Weisgerber in 2012.



one biting his tongue whenever he saw me getting upset with my boys. When I was young, people would often say to me, "You're Peter's boy!" (Peter was my father's English name.) Now Ndede heard, "Oh, you're Wab's dad!" So many things had started to change for the better between us.

"I AM GOING to adopt the archbishop."

The words hung in the air as Ndede and I sat beneath the pine tree that dominated my parents' front yard. He studied my reaction with the furrowed brow and piercing gaze I had come to know well over three decades.

Part of me thought that adopting James Weisgerber, the then-archbishop of Winnipeg, was a waste of time. Another part worried that some might see it as a sellout move, yet another case of the Native bending over backward to appease the non-Native who does little in return. "Why do you want to do this?" was all I came up with.

"Jimmy has been like a brother to me," said Ndede. "I want to make it official." They had indeed grown very close since first meeting in 2009 in Italy, when a delegation of First Nations leaders had travelled to the Vatican to hear Pope Benedict XVI give an "expression of sorrow" over the suffering of children in residential schools—children like my father.

Ndede described his vision for the adoption ceremony. Phil Fontaine (a former national chief of the Assembly of First Nations), Phil's brother Bert, my uncle Fred and my father would all adopt the archbishop.

> WE ROLLED OUT THE BUFFALO ROBE. AROUND THIS, WE BUILT AN ALTAR. SACRED MEDICINES. SPIRITUAL ITEMS.

Ndede wanted to forge a lasting bond between our families and our communities, demonstrating how indigenous culture offered a way forward in overcoming the pains of the past. The adoption ceremony is also a peacemaking ceremony. It's hard to hate someone after you take them as a brother or sister.

I figured my father was the one who would be the public face of the adoption, so the least I could do was keep my reservations to myself and stand on the periphery.

"I want you to run the adoption ceremony," Ndede said.

So much for keeping myself on the periphery.

LATER THAT MONTH, ON April 15, 2012, I arrived at Winnipeg's Circle of Life Thunderbird House, designed by First Nations architect Douglas Cardinal. My partner, Lisa, and I began the preparations early. We rolled out a large buffalo robe in the centre of the circle and placed a buffalo skull on one end. Around this, we built an altar. Sacred medicines. Spiritual items. We added three images—one a photograph showing children outside St. Mary's Indian Residential School, where my father spent his youth. Another a painting of a sun dancer created by a Catholic priest. The final picture showed my father presenting an eagle feather to Pope Benedict XVI.

During the ceremony, each of the adopted brothers had an opportunity to speak. The archbishop went first. He said that if the federal government's 2008 apology to the 80,000 residential-school survivors alive at the time was a wedding, we were now in the marriage, alluding to the effort of making the relationship work.

My father spoke next, telling of his time at St. Mary's, the pain that followed and the journey toward healing he had walked for so long. He praised the archbishop for joining him on this path.

My uncle Fred followed, and Phil after him. Only Phil's brother Bert passed on his opportunity to speak, displaying the quiet humility of many Anishinaabeg.

The Anishinaabe brothers then offered their Catholic sibling four eagle feathers, each representing one of them. Grand chief Derek Nepinak (of the Assembly of Manitoba Chiefs) and I raised up a beautiful star quilt. The star in the centre was in red, yellow, blue and green, the colours of the four directions for the Anishinaabe. In the centre, four pipes were set against the backdrop of a smaller star. The blanket's message: unity.

> THERE ARE FEW TIMES IN YOUR LIFE WHEN YOU CAN SAY YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMPOSSIBLE BECOME POSSIBLE.

EXCERPTED FROM *THE REASON YOU WALK*, BY WAB KINEW. © 2015 WAB KINEW. PUBLISHED BY VIKING CANADA, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE CANADA LIMITED. REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I picked up the hand drum and sang a song I had composed for the occasion. The archbishop raised the eagle feathers with his left hand as the beats were sounded. He wore the star quilt over his black robe and clerical collar. This Catholic holy man stood in the centre of an Anishinaabe building adorned with the accoutrements of both cultures, participating in one of our ceremonies, dancing to one of our songs. There are few times in your life when you can say you have seen the impossible become possible.

My father stood just to the side with a smile on his face.

After a feast, we closed the ceremony with the Anishinaabe travelling song we use to close all our gatherings in Lake of the Woods country. I explained the lyrics "*Ningosha anishaa wenjii-bimoseyan*"—"I am the reason you walk."



Reader's digest
EDITORS' CHOICE

Years before, Ndede had told me there are four layers of meaning to these words. They are from the perspective of the Creator, as though God himself were singing to you. The first meaning of "I am the reason you walk" is "I have created you, and therefore you walk." The second meaning is "I am your motivation." The third meaning is "I am that spark inside you called love, which animates you and allows you to live by the Anishinaabe values of *kiizhewaatiziwin*" (a term that captures the sacred precepts of kindness, sharing, respect and humility). The final meaning is "I am the destination at the end of your life that you are walking toward."

On that day, the Creator spoke to us all, indigenous and non-indigenous alike, and reminded us of the reasons we walk. R

* * *

OVERLY EMOTIONAL TECH SUPPORT QUESTIONS

- Do you often feel like you've lost your control key?
- Do you worry that you'll never have enough memory?
- How's your relationship with your motherboard?

LUKE STRICKLER from mcsweeneys.net

@ Work



"Can you hold? He's on another lie."

SOUND CAREER ADVICE

Personally, I think showing up to work late every day is a real power move. @MONICANN86

JOB DESCRIPTION

"Pickup artists" and "garbagemen" should switch names. @CEEJOYNER

WORKPLACE CULTURE

New York Times writer Amy Chozick describes what it was like to work for a fashion magazine: "A girl gets on [the elevator] with a Birkin bag, and her friend goes, 'Oh, my God, I love your bag. Is that new?' And she goes, 'No, I got it, like, a week ago.'" cosmopolitan.com

SELF-REFLECTION

I'd really like to get a job cleaning mirrors.

It's just something I can really see myself doing. distractify.com

A CLOSE READING

I was an English major in college. I didn't get a lot of job interviews, but I should have seen that coming. Foreshadowing.

MICHAEL PALASCAK, ***comedian***

Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive $50. To submit your stories, see rd.ca/joke.

SUSAN CAMILLERI KONAR

GET SMART!

13 Things You Should Know About Patience

BY ANDREA BENNETT



1 Got a short temper? Your brain may be partly to blame. Stan Floresco, a psychology professor at the University of British Columbia, says there's evidence of neurological differences—in frontal lobe functions, which regulate impetuous behaviour, for example—between patient people and those who are easily exasperated.

2 You might be able to train yourself into better self-control. Stopping in a moment of impulsivity and taking a beat could, Floresco says, reengage frontal lobe functions.

3 A recent Microsoft survey found that the tech-obsessed might be less focused than goldfish. Extensive gadget use has caused a decline in human attention spans: from an average of 12 seconds in 2000 to around eight in 2015. (Goldfish clock in at nine seconds.)

4 To build patience, find a strategy. British Columbia–based psychotherapist and meditation teacher Michael Stone uses this one: first, he imagines how he'd respond if he was feeling patient. Then he waits until his frustration changes into something else—relief, gratitude or calm.

5 Take time to reflect. Because they each require focus, prayer and ➤

MASTERFILE

meditation help build skills required for patience, says Sarah Schnitker, a professor at the Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif.

6 In the habit of making poor choices? Research shows that putting off decisions—such as weighing our options before making a big electronics purchase—increases the likelihood that, in the future, we'll go for smarter selections.

7 Patience is key to building a winning team. A 2013 American study determined that pairs of players who scored high on a patience test were most likely to coordinate in order to earn higher payoffs in a two-player strategy game.

8 Impatient people tend to procrastinate. In a 2015 American study, researchers offered students compensation for their time. Individuals could immediately receive a cheque for a small sum or wait two weeks for a larger payout. Almost 57 per cent of those who opted for the former took more than two weeks to cash their cheques.

9 A study by multiple American universities found that young adults who scored high on tests designed to measure impatience had an 18.4 per cent risk of developing hypertension within 15 years, compared to an 11.6 per cent risk among their more patient counterparts. One potential cause? Impatience may be correlated with higher rates of smoking, drinking and unhealthy eating.

10 Teach patience early. In a famous study from the 1960s, psychologist Walter Mischel gave young participants a marshmallow or similar treat and left the room, telling each child that if he or she waited for him to return before snacking, they'd get another one. Follow-up studies found that children who held out for the second treat had higher SAT scores and were less likely to develop obesity and substance abuse issues.

11 To that end, Stone recommends that parents encourage children to practise being bored at times. Instead of distracting kids the second they get restless, allow them to sit with their ennui.

12 Improve your patience and accomplish more. According to Schnitker, patient people can exert more effort to reach their goals, as they're able to better regulate reactions, emotions and interactions.

13 Schnitker notes that life's best things—loving relationships, personal goals—don't happen overnight. Building patience ultimately boosts emotional well-being. R

That's Outrageous!

THE PATH OF MOST RESISTANCE

BY DANIEL VIOLA



PIERRE LORANGER

BLOKE ON THE WATER

Australia's beaches have it all: white sand, bright-blue waters—and dramatic high-speed car chases? In October of 2015, police attempted to pull over a driver north of Perth. The man sped away, eventually leading to a standoff near Yanchep Beach. There, he found himself quite literally at the end of the road. With nowhere left to hide, he decided to flee into the sea. Foot on the gas, the man drove into the waves. But since this is real life and not a cartoon, his vehicle promptly sank. Officers waded into the surf and nabbed their suspect, who learned a valuable lesson: you can run, but you can't swim.

STRONG-ARM TACTICS

It's happened to everyone: after parallel parking at the side of the road, you return to see that some nincompoop has edged their vehicle too close, trapping you in place. All you can do is sit, wait and stew. One rather muscular fellow in the Italian town of Avola experienced just that in September. But instead of standing idly by until the inconsiderate parker resurfaced, the man was caught on video studying the tight squeeze before lifting his car's rear bumper with his bare hands, pushing the vehicle into the street and driving off. Clearly he doesn't skip arm day at the gym.

LONG-SHOT LEGISLATION

Smiles are free, but not smiling could cost you. In a quest to make sure street performers appeared sufficiently delighted, city council in Oxford, England, attempted to pass a law mandating all buskers to "smile, enjoy yourself and entertain others." Anyone caught with a frown could have faced fines of up to $2,000. But the buskers didn't sit back and face the music. After a petition netted 5,000 signatures, the city—risking potential legal challenges—relented on the smiling issue. Singers of sad songs, rejoice!

MORE GREAT READS THIS MONTH

Rd.ca/connect

FOOD

4 Slow-Cooker Classics

Mouth-watering meals, ready to eat the minute you get home





HOME

6 Green Resolutions Worth Keeping

Take care of yourself—and the planet—with these lifestyle changes

TRAVEL

Canada's 12 Coolest Winter Destinations

From snow tubing in Alberta to sampling syrup in Nova Scotia, hibernal getaways will help you embrace the season



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Newsletter

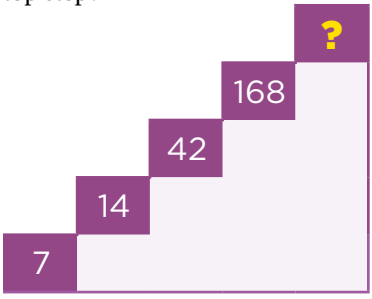
SHUTTERSTOCK

Brainteasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 124.

BY MARCEL DANESI

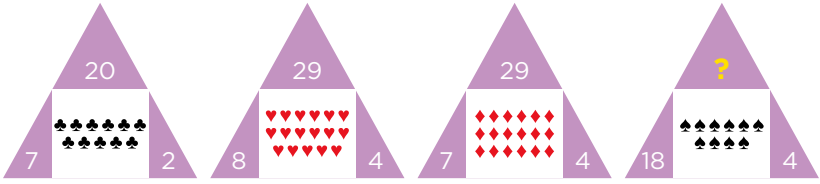
STAIR TRAINING *(Easy)*
Proceeding up the staircase, the numbers form a logical sequence. What number belongs on the top step?



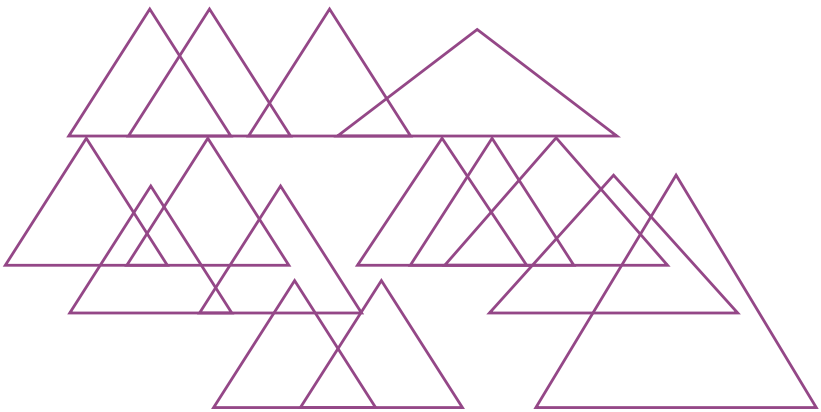
GRIDLOCK *(Moderately difficult)*
This grid follows a secret rule. See if you can spot what it is and fill in the missing digit.

I	II	III	IV	V
1	0	1	2	1
0	1	0	1	1
2	1	0	?	1
5	5	1	1	1
3	0	1	1	1

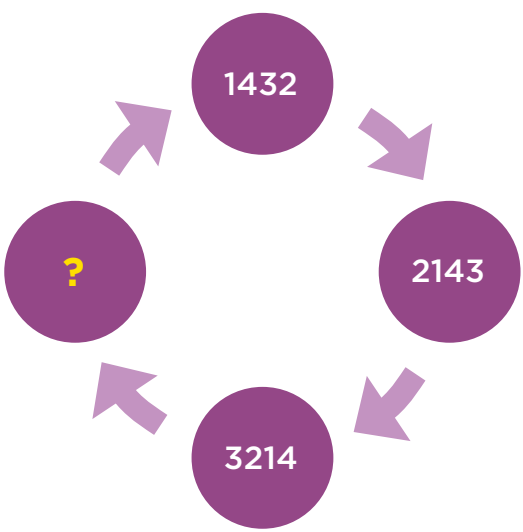
WHAT'S THE RULE? *(Easy)*
What number is missing from the fourth figure?



FINAL COUNT *(Difficult)*
Including those formed by overlapping figures, how many triangles are there in the image below?



ROUNDABOUT
(Moderately difficult)
What number should appear in place of the question mark?



Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET

1. Irish theatre critic Vivian Mercier described which Samuel Beckett work as "a play in which nothing happens, twice"?

2. What restaurant chain released a cologne in Japan named Flame-Grilled Fragrance?

3. What star of *Beetlejuice* and *Home Alone* has dextrocardia, meaning her heart is on her right side?

4. Which country's citizens burn effigies of an executed Catholic rebel every November 5?

5. What fictional business would you find "at the end of Lonely Street"?

6. If you were to fly directly north from the westernmost point of mainland South America, which U.S. state would you hit first?

7. What fictional character could likely have told a lie only 13 times before the weight of his nose would have snapped his neck?

8. Who is the newest kid in the New Kids on the Block, by virtue of being the youngest member?

9. In what game would you throw around magic missiles?

10. Brad Pitt's first Oscar was for co-producing what movie, in which he played a Canadian?

11. I've landed at DOH, which is the Doha airport in which country?

12. What name is shared by a character in *The Hunger Games* and one of Julius Caesar's fathers-in-law?

13. What poet once got a job as a receptionist in the same psychiatric ward where she'd been treated a few years earlier?

14. Who is the second richest person in the world after Bill Gates?



15. In 2011, bodyguards with armour-plated umbrellas protected which unpopular French president?

SHUTTERSTOCK

ANSWERS: 1. *Waiting for Godot*. **2.** Burger King. **3.** Catherine O'Hara. **4.** The United Kingdom. The effigies portray Guy Fawkes. **5.** Heartbreak Hotel. **6.** Florida. **7.** Pinocchio. **8.** Joey McIntyre. **9.** Dungeons & Dragons. **10.** *12 Years a Slave*. **11.** Qatar. **12.** Cinna. **13.** Sylvia Plath. **14.** The Mexican entrepreneur Carlos Slim Helú. **15.** Nicolas Sarkozy.

Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHE

(Difficult)

3				7				5
	9		4	8	1		6	
					6			
	4	3					2	
5	6			9			8	7
	7					4	9	
			6					
	5		8	2	9		3	
2				4				9

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

6	5	9	3	4	1	7	8	2
4	3	7	9	2	8	1	5	6
8	1	2	7	5	6	9	3	4
3	9	4	5	6	2	8	7	1
7	8	1	4	9	3	2	6	5
9	2	5	8	1	7	3	4	6
1	7	6	6	3	5	4	2	8
2	6	3	1	8	4	5	9	7
5	4	8	2	7	9	6	1	3

Brainteasers: *Answers*

(from page 121)

STAIR TRAINING

840. Each number is found by multiplying the preceding one by the number that corresponds to the position of the step. The number on the second step is twice the preceding number (7 x 2 = 14), the number on the third step is three times the preceding number (14 x 3 = 42), and so on.

GRIDLOCK

1. The Roman numeral at the top of each column indicates the number of 1s it contains. Therefore, column IV must contain four 1s.

WHAT'S THE RULE?

32. The number in the top triangle of each figure is the sum of the two numbers in the lower triangles plus the number of symbols inside the rectangle.

FINAL COUNT

38.

ROUNDABOUT

4321. Starting at the top and moving clockwise, the four-digit number in each circle begins with one of the digits between 1 and 4 in ascending order. The three remaining digits always stay in the same order they occupied in the preceding circle.

(SUDOKU) SUDOKUPUZZLER.COM

Word Power

English is rich with terms that describe sounds, from the violent blasting of volcanoes to the gentle patter of raindrops. Listen for resonances in the words below—and if that doesn't work, take a guess.

BY ANITA LAHEY

1. psithurism—
A: sound of flapping wings.
B: sound of rolling waves.
C: sound of rustling leaves.

2. ululate—
A: wail.
B: chew noisily.
C: whisper.

3. pule—
A: murmur soothingly.
B: whine or whimper.
C: gurgle.

4. babel—
A: endless monologue.
B: break in a silence.
C: confusion of voices.

5. charivari—
A: boisterous cheering.
B: birdsong.
C: loud and discordant mock serenade.

6. plunk—
A: sound of a hand-drum strike.
B: sound of a sharply plucked string.
C: sound of a bat hitting a ball.

7. crosstalk—
A: interference from another telecom signal.
B: low chatter.
C: long-winded sermon.

8. tantara—
A: trumpet blast.
B: musical finale.
C: chant.

9. sibilation—
A: stomach rumble.
B: heavy sigh.
C: hiss.

10. nickering—
A: squirrel calls.
B: neighing.
C: speaking in a nagging tone.

11. tattoo—
A: machine-gun sound.
B: evening bugle call to summon soldiers to their quarters.
C: sharp rapping, as on a door.

12. purl—
A: long, low whistle.
B: resonance in a singer's voice.
C: babbling, as of water.

13. report—
A: echo.
B: burst of noise from an explosion.
C: bell toll.

14. vociferate—
A: shout.
B: drone.
C: cough.

15. fritinancy—
A: squeaking of dolphins.
B: nasal pitch.
C: chirping of insects.

Answers

1. psithurism—[C] sound of rustling leaves; as, On a breezy day, a light *psithurism* fills the woods.

2. ululate—[A] wail; as, In some cultures, professional mourners can be hired to *ululate* at a funeral.

3. pule—[B] whine or whimper; as, Ariadne was a quiet and pensive baby, not one to *pule* for no reason.

4. babel—[C] confusion of voices; as, The protest devolved from group chants into a *babel* of shouts and insults.

5. charivari—[C] loud and discordant mock serenade; as, While the Beauforts drove off for their honeymoon, their friends performed a deafening *charivari*, complete with pots and pans.

6. plunk—[B] sound of a sharply plucked string; as, Tabitha's infant son seemed amused by the *plunk* of his toy banjo.

7. crosstalk—[A] interference from another telecom signal; as, The phone connection was so poor that Jin could barely hear Lee Anne over the *crosstalk*.

8. tantara—[A] trumpet blast; as, The *tantara* announcing the governor's arrival had always been Isabel's favourite part of the opera *Fidelio*.

9. sibilation—[C] hiss; as, A *sibilation* escaped the opposition backbenches as the prime minister rose to speak.

10. nickering—[B] neighing; as, Upon entering the barn, Isla heard a soft *nickering*, a welcome from her mare.

11. tattoo—[B] evening bugle call to summon soldiers to their quarters; as, Of all the army's ceremonial music, the nightly *tattoo* was the most beautiful to Louis.

12. purl—[C] babbling, as of water; as, Hearing the brook's melodic *purl*, Frankie sighed, relieved to be nearly home.

13. report—[B] burst of noise from an explosion; as, The rifle *report* jolted Kasia from her reverie: Tim must have spotted a moose.

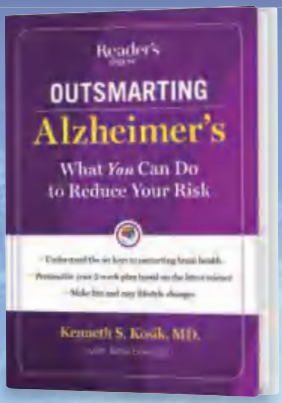
14. vociferate—[A] shout; as, It's not polite to *vociferate* at a waiter, no matter how slow the service.

15. fritinancy—[C] chirping of insects; as, The non-stop *fritinancy* in the Louisiana countryside often disturbed Juan's sleep.

VOCABULARY RATINGS
7–10: fair
11–12: good
13–15: excellent

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Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

There is a way to become a mother in this day and age that doesn't include your name on the child's birth certificate.

KIM CATTRALL

AN ACTOR HAS THE ENTIRETY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION AVAILABLE TO HIM OR HER.

AVAN JOGIA





I BELIEVE IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND YOUR YOUTH.

FRED PENNER

Being sober has definitely made me a better person, and I can't imagine that I would be where I am if I hadn't made that choice. Opportunities don't come along when you're passed out.

CHUCK HUGHES

The greatest way to defend democracy is to make it work. TOMMY DOUGLAS

Politics is the only business where the main stakeholders derive benefit from turning people off of the process.

RICK MERCER



EVERY DAY IS A GIFT.

RINELLE HARPER

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